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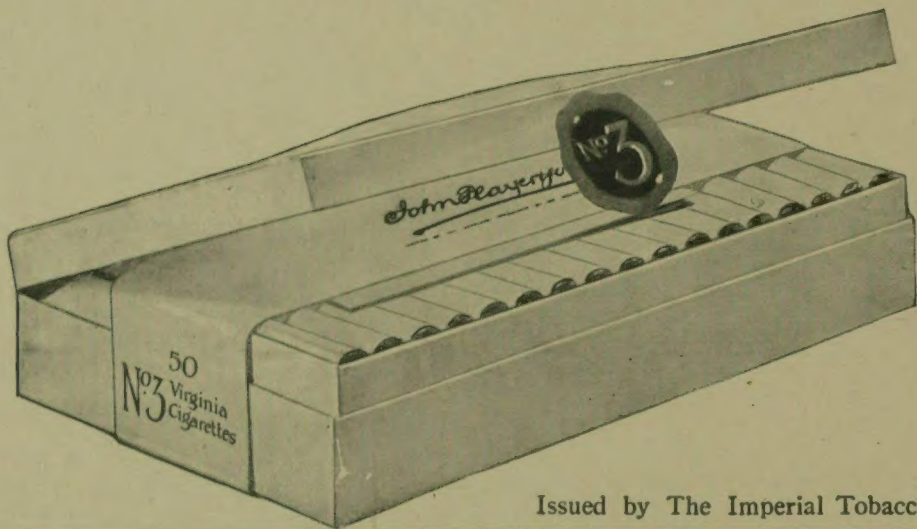
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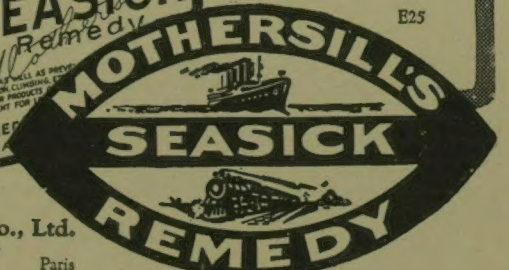
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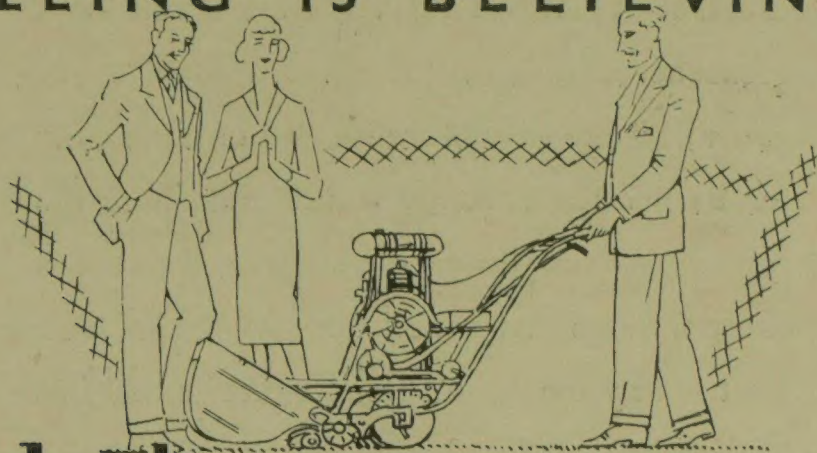
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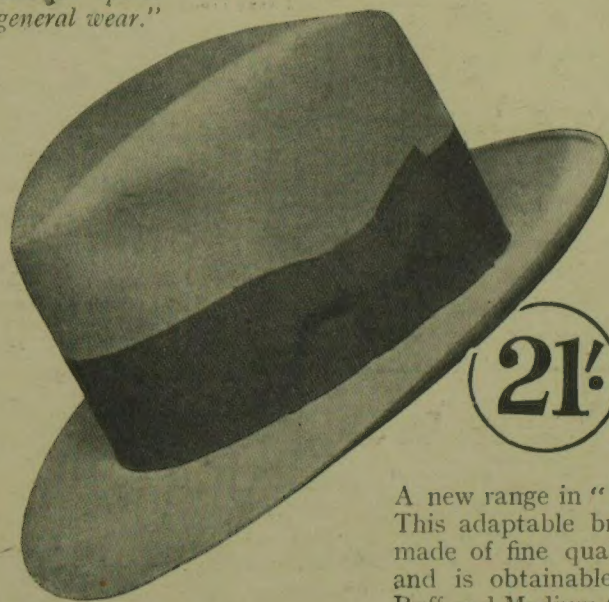
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SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1931.



THE FIFTH-ATTEMPT AND RECORD-TIME GRAND NATIONAL: GRAKLE LEADING GREGALACH AT THE LAST FENCE, TO WIN BY A LENGTH AND A-HALF.

THE Grand National run at Aintree on March 27 will go down in racing history as of particular moment. It was won by Mr. Cecil R. Taylor's nine-year-old gelding Grakle (by Jackdaw, out of Lady Crank), which, starting as third favourite, thus succeeded in winning the event at his fifth attempt. In 1927 he was the second favourite (9-1), but was brought down; in 1928 (when he started at 33-1) he was brought down; in 1929, as third favourite (18-1), he was sixth; in 1930, as favourite (100-12), he fell. This year he started at 100-6. The horse belonged formerly to Mr. T. K. Laidlaw, who, it is interesting to recall, also once owned Gregalach, who was

[Continued opposite.



GRAKLE (R. LYALL UP) BEING LED IN AFTER THE RACE.

[Continued.]

second this year and won the race in 1929. Mr. Taylor, who is a member of the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, gave four thousand guineas for him. Tom Coulthwaite trained him; and R. Lyall rode him. The race was run in record time—9 minutes 32 4-5 seconds; and in this connection it should be noted that the distance is about 4 miles, 856 yards. It need scarcely be added that the event, which is always one of the great horse-racing fixtures of the year, caused not only the customary interest, but an interest much enhanced, as it was last year, by the Irish Hospitals Grand National Sweepstake; for the first prize in that sweepstake was £354,544 1



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME time or other, I think, I will write a really thoughtful and educational article about Bed or Breakfast or Baths or Breathing, or some of those simple things, or things that seem simple to simple people. And it shall be written in the exact and peculiar style of a modern article on Marriage or the Family or Patriotism or Religion. I have read such multitudes of these modern articles, especially leading articles and articles in the lighter style of popular science; there are so many of them, and they are all so exactly alike, that I believe I could reproduce the manner pretty correctly and the type of argument, in so far as there is one. We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that I have selected the subject of "Food: Human Habit of Consuming." In which case I should be entirely safe, and even successful, if I wrote something like this:—

"The progress of enlightenment, it must be admitted, tends to rob us of some of the emotional consolations which were possible to our ancestors in simpler times. Thinking men can no longer accept the ancient creeds and ecclesiastical dogmas which taught them that the virtues of an enemy whom they had eaten passed into their own bodies; the belief lingers in various forms in the common practice of eating beef and mutton, in the hope of thus absorbing the energy of the bull and the innocence of the sheep. And the modern Englishman, eating eggs and bacon at breakfast, hardly guesses that his real motive for doing so is a desire to partake mystically of the higher virtues of the pig or the bolder qualities of the chicken. It is not to be expected that these habits, resting as they do on such quaint survivals of savage superstition, should long survive the myths out of which they came; and the frequent appearance of Fasting Men at the World's Fair, in Barnum's Show, and other arenas of scientific experiment, is enough to show that science is again sending forth her pioneers to show humanity the better way. So long as the mediæval Church could impose her Feasts upon a faithful and obedient populace, the half-barbaric habit of having meals seemed almost to be a natural part of social life. There are many traces of the once-powerful tradition that bringing men together in love-feasts, or banquets of reconciliation, had a more or less magical effect of making them more friendly and more at peace with each other. And it may be that in ruder times even food itself was often useful for this psychological purpose, and was perhaps the only instrument that ignorant and primitive peoples could employ. Since the foundation of the League of Nations, men have learned the lesson that Peace Conferences can be successfully held without any of the old ceremonial gestures of eating or drinking, and any social use that such motions may once have served is now superseded by more direct and rational methods. The habit of eating may linger, here and there, among remote peasantries or rigid and reactionary individuals; but it is so clearly bound up with a whole world of ancient mystery and mummery, with the saying of grace, with the giving of thanks, with the proposing of patriotic sentiments over glasses of wine, that there can be little or no future for it now that man has reached his intellectual manhood. Gruncke, by the way, has pointed out that the cannibal notion of devouring and digesting the bodily vigour of an enemy is actually attested in the surviving popular phrase of 'drinking his health.'"

Now that is exactly like any number of newspaper and magazine articles I have read on the evolution of Marriage or Religion, only a little more sensible. The suggestion of Professor Gruncke about the anthropophagous meaning of drinking a health (though I

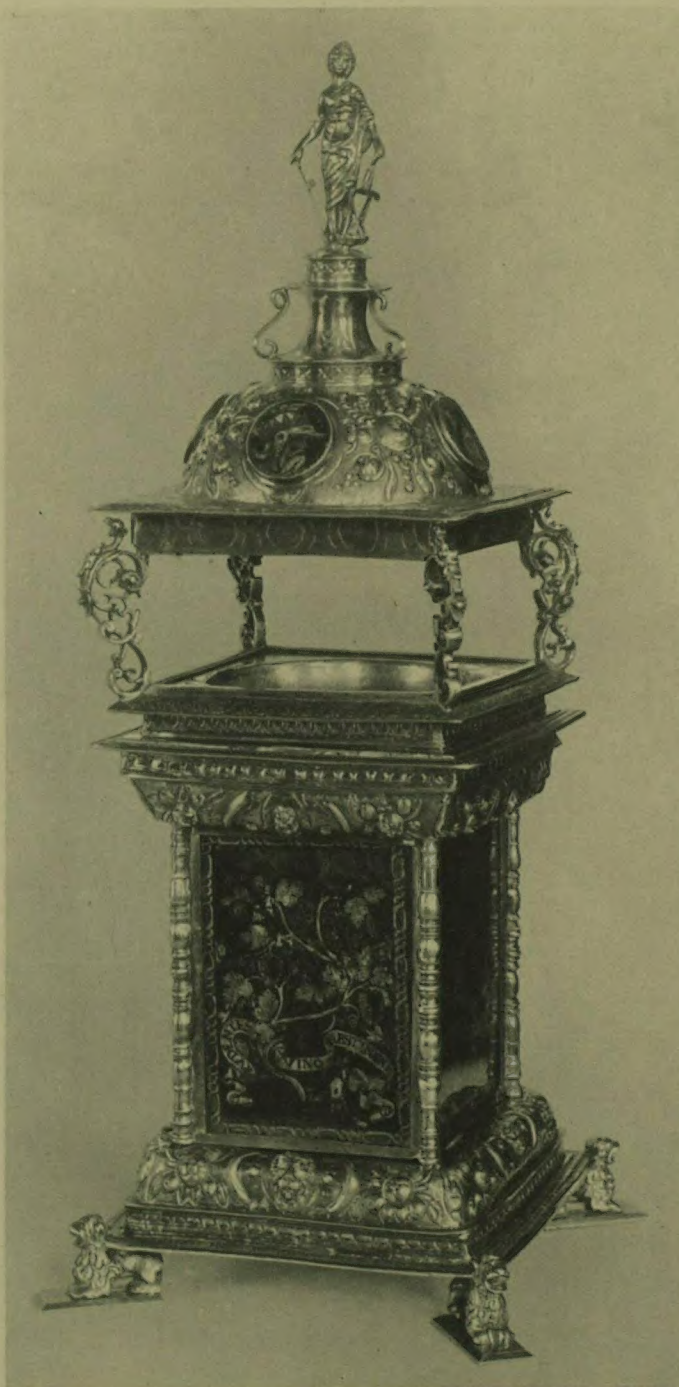
have only just this moment made it up) is immeasurably more sensible than the suggestion of many professors on the subject of Marriage by Capture; proving that a bridegroom must be a brigand by the institution of the Best Man. They say solemnly that a chief always went out to the proposed abduction with some leading and distinguished man of his tribe. It never seems to dawn

on them that he would have gone out in any case to any wedding, whether it were an abduction or not (or, indeed, to any occasion of any importance), with the leading men of his tribe. He would not be likely to select the most unrepresentable and disreputable object in his tribe when he went to visit his father-in-law. This ghastly and gaping lack of common sense, in all the attempted reconstructions

of primitive humanity, is the commonest mark of all this sort of popular science and fashionable rationalism. But it would be just as easy to use it to discredit Food as to discredit Family Life, or any of the basic human things that it is used to discredit. All that is necessary is to give a string of suggestions (such as I have just reeled off without stopping for breath) in the case of the Savage Custom of Supper. Mention a number of myths that have some connection with meals; mix them all up like a soup; leave out all the joints and bones of argument; and you can easily leave the reader with a general impression that a meal is a myth. Above all, you must keep on praising the reader, as a progressive fellow superior to his father; and you can easily make him feel superior to meals—until next meal-time.

There is no space here for my powerful and cogent exposure of the Superstition of Sleep. It is set forth (or it might be some day) with all the exact process of thought and careful citation of facts and scientific authorities essential to this sort of work; the footnotes fill up most of the pages and the appendices are in five volumes. The recognised scientific method in such cases consists of two parts. First the writer points out that Sleep has a perfectly simple, single, and obvious origin in mythology, and then (second) he proceeds to trace it to about ten totally contradictory mythological origins. In the epoch of the Sun Myth, he will say that sleep was a sort of negative worship of the Sun God. In order to emphasise the idea that men only lived by the life and inspiration of Apollo, the priests of Apollo (acting as mesmerists or medicine-men) succeeded in making their dupes literally lose consciousness after the sun's disappearance; induced them to die daily and lie like corpses until the dawn. That is quite a good one; but there will be plenty more. When poor old Herbert Spencer still had influence, it was often suggested that Dreams were the origin of Religion. To such thinkers, it would be a mere trifle to amend it by saying that Religion was the origin of Dreams. Sleep was only the hypnosis (how fortunate and illuminating that the word hypnosis only means sleep!) imposed by the priests on the credulous savages; in which state all sorts of mythical suggestions could be made to them, thus producing what we call the phenomena of dreams. Therefore, as the world casts off priestly vestments and pontifical mitres, it will also throw away bed-clothes, night-gowns and nightcaps, and everything that reminds it of the mystical trance once called sleep. Or it would be easy to show that sleep was produced among primitive men by means of a vegetable drug (still used in the Solomon Islands) that they might not spy on the secret practices of the priests before they themselves had passed the Seventh Initiation. Or there is the obvious explanation that the sacrifices demanded at the harvest . . . but, we need not go on with the theories of the professors for ever, even if they do.

Perhaps you do not find this convincing. Perhaps you do not propose instantly to abandon the habit of eating or of sleeping at night. You say, defensively, that food and sleep are necessary to normal men. I fear it will be only too easy to apply the same argument to a belief in Free Will, to a concept of Right and Wrong, and to the perilous habit of humanity of marrying and having children.



THE FIFTH ART TREASURE CHOSEN FOR A WEEK'S PROMINENT DISPLAY AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, UNDER THE NEW "STARRING" SYSTEM: THE VYVYAN SALT.

The Vyvyan Salt, so named as having been owned for over 250 years by the Vyvyans of Trelowarren, Cornwall, is among the most important pieces of English sixteenth-century silversmith's work in existence. It is an example of the Standing Salt which served, by its position on the table at a banquet, to mark the honour due to distinguished guests, who sat "above the salt," and had choice of the best dishes. The cover, surmounted by a figure of Justice, is raised above the hollow for the salt by a removable bracketed gallery. There is the characteristic Elizabethan decoration of embossed masks, fruit, and cartouche-work; but the great attraction lies in the panels and small medallions of *verre églomisé* (glass decorated at the back with foil and colours). The panels are based on designs in Geoffrey Whitney's "Choice of Emblemes," published in 1586; the medallions bear heads of Ninus, Cyrus, Alexander, and Julius Caesar. The London hall-mark for 1592-3 is repeated on the body, foot, and cover. The salt was purchased in 1925, by aid of the Goldsmiths Company, the National Art-Collections Fund, and Mr. Edmund A. Phillips.

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THE GENIUS OF "THE FIVE TOWNS": A LOSS TO ENGLISH LETTERS.

FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH BY HOWARD COSTER.



NOVELIST, PLAYWRIGHT, AND CRITIC: THE LATE MR. ARNOLD BENNETT, AUTHOR OF "THE OLD WIVES' TALE."

The death of Arnold Bennett removes one of the most eminent and prolific among modern writers. Although in later life the scope of his interests and range of subjects was greatly enlarged, his fame as a novelist will always be chiefly associated with the Potteries district, to which he gave the name of "the Five Towns"—the scene of his own early years and of his masterpiece in fiction, "The Old Wives' Tale" (1908), with other well-known novels, including "Clayhanger," "Hilda Lessways," "The Card," and "The Regent." Enoch Arnold Bennett was born, in North Staffordshire, on May 27, 1867, and was educated at the Newcastle Middle School. After a short time in a solicitor's office, he set out deliberately to win literary success, working throughout his career

in that methodical way he constantly recommended. In 1900 he went to live in Paris. During the next eight years he prepared the ground for more serious work by various popular stories such as "The Grand Babylon Hotel," "Anna of the Five Towns," and "Buried Alive" (afterwards dramatised as "The Great Adventure"). This and "Milestones" (with Edward Knoblock) were his most successful plays. Of his later novels the most brilliant was "Riceyman Steps" (1923), a tale of drab London life in the "Five Towns" manner. His unfailing zest for the good things of life found expression, more recently, in "Imperial Palace," a picture of a great hotel. He was fond of travel, and his book, "From the Log of the 'Velsa,'" records his love of boat-sailing.

THE DIVINE CHILD DESTINED FOR CALVARY:

THE FIRST REPRESENTATIONS OF THE CRIB (A SUBJECT AVOIDED IN THE EARLIEST CHRISTIAN ART); AND OTHER SCENES CONNECTED WITH THE NATIVITY AND EPIPHANY. IN THE ROMAN CATACOMBS.

By Dr. FRANCESCO FORNARI; with Photographs by the Pontifical Commission of Sacred Archaeology.
(See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

IN the cycle of the paintings and sculptures which adorn the Catacombs, the Crib is among the subjects least widely chosen. The early Christians were averse from representing the birth of Christ realistically. Living among the pagans, they avoided any picture that might emphasise the humble birth

in a chair with the Child in her arms; it dates from the third century (Fig. 1). Other images of the Virgin with the Child are found at Commodilla and S. Valentino, but they are of the sixth century. Famous, finally, is the painting contained in an *arcosolium* of the Cimiterio Maggiore di S. Agnese, representing the veiled Virgin in the act of prayer with the Child in front (Fig. 8 opposite).

The scene of the Epiphany is repeated more often; generally, the Magi are represented in their real number, three; with some exceptions, where they appear as four for reasons of symmetry, being arranged two on each side, as in a fresco in the Catacomb of Domitilla (Fig. 9). In one case there are only two, because there was not enough space to depict three. This occurs in a fresco in the Catacomb of St. Pietro and Marcellino. The Magi are always dressed in Oriental style and

with the Child in her arms; behind is St. Joseph with the blossoming rod in his hand: the expression on the Madonna's face is of a truly moving maternal tenderness (Fig. 7).

Likewise at S. Sebastiano, on the lid of the sarcophagus found in the crypt of the Albani Chapel, and alongside the representation of Daniel in the lions' den, is the scene of the Epiphany. The Madonna is seated in a high-backed chair, wearing a veil over her head and a long tunic; the Child is stretching out His hands towards the gifts offered by the three Magi, the heads of whose camels are also visible (Fig. 4). Two other fragments originate from the Catacombs of Domitilla: in one is shown the Madonna with the Child in swaddling clothes (Fig. 3); in the other the scene of the Epiphany must have been completed by that of the Crib, to judge from the heads of the ox and the ass seen close at hand (Fig. 6). Finally, I would mention a sarcophagus recently discovered in its original position in the new Catacomb at S. Lorenzo, where, beside the scenes of Adam and Eve, and Daniel in the lions' den, there is a fine representation of the Epiphany. The Madonna is seated on a wicker-work chair with a high back; she is veiled and has a long tunic. Her feet are



FIG. 1. AN EARLY "MADONNA" IN THE PRISCILLA CATACOMB—THE OLDEST IN ROME: A THIRD-CENTURY PAINTING OF THE VIRGIN SEATED IN A CHAIR WITH THE CHILD IN HER ARMS.

of the Redeemer. To show the Divine Child lying in a rough manger in a poor hut between an ox and an ass meant to expose one of the greatest mysteries of religion to the contempt and mockery of the infidel not initiated into the truths of the Faith. Consequently, the first Christians confined themselves mostly to a veiled representation, simply depicting the Madonna with the Divine Child or reproducing the scene of the Epiphany—that is, the glorious episode of the adoration of the infant Messiah by the Magi. Among the known pictures, there was only one of the Crib, in the Catacomb of S. Sebastiano; but this unique painting, unfortunately, has altogether faded away.

It represented the Child in swaddling clothes lying on a bed, and later there were the heads of the ox and the ass. This painting dated back to the fourth century. In the sarcophagi, on the contrary, it is less difficult to find them; but they almost always occur in the fifth century, when the Christian religion was now dominating the pagan and triumphing everywhere. The most ancient painting of the Virgin and Child dates back to the first half of the second century, and is in the Priscilla Catacomb on the Via Salaria. It represents the Virgin—whose head is covered by a short veil—seated on a stool and holding on her knees the Child Jesus in her arms; at the side is Isaiah in the act of uttering his prophecy (Fig. 2). In the same Catacomb of Priscilla—the most ancient in Rome, dating back to the Apostolic era—there is another picture of the Madonna seated

generally offer their gifts on salvers. The most antique picture, which is of the second century and is found in the Priscilla Catacomb, shows the Magi carrying the gifts in their bare hands. Other frescoes with the Adoration of the Magi, but dating from the fourth century, are found in the Catacomb of Domitilla (Fig. 9) and in the Catacomb of S. Callisto (Fig. 10). Sarcophagi with representations of the Epiphany are in the Lateran Christian Museum, and fragments of others have been found in several catacombs. The most ancient originates from S. Sebastiano and represents the Madonna



FIG. 2. THE OLDEST EXTANT PAINTING OF THE VIRGIN AND CHILD: A WORK DATING FROM THE FIRST HALF OF THE SECOND CENTURY, IN THE PRISCILLA CATACOMB AT ROME, WITH A FIGURE OF ISAIAH UTTERING HIS PROPHECY.

resting on a stool and she holds in her lap the Holy Child, closely swathed; the Magi bring the gifts in their bare hands, and are wearing short tunics, hose, and travelling cap (Fig. 5).

CHRISTIAN ART IN THE CATACOMBS: NATIVITY SCENES IN SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.



FIG. 3. THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI: A SCULPTURED RELIEF ON A FRAGMENT OF A SARCOPHAGUS IN THE CATACOMBS OF DOMITILLA—SHOWING THE MADONNA WITH THE CHILD IN SWADDLING CLOTHES.



FIG. 5. PART OF A NEWLY-FOUND SARCOPHAGUS IN THE CATACOMB AT S. LORENZO: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE MAGI, WITH THE MADONNA IN A WICKER CHAIR AND THE CHILD CLOSELY SWADDLED; DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN; ADAM AND EVE.



FIG. 7. THE OLDEST EXAMPLE OF NATIVITY SCULPTURE ON ANY CATACOMBS SARCOPHAGUS: A FRAGMENT FROM S. SEBASTIANO—THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, AND ST. JOSEPH.



FIG. 8. A FAMOUS WORK OF EARLY CHRISTIAN ART DATING FROM THE FOURTH CENTURY: A WALL-PAINTING OF THE MADONNA IN AN ATTITUDE OF PRAYER, WITH THE HEAD OF THE CHILD SEEN IN FRONT OF HER, ON AN ARCH OF THE GREATER CATACOMB OF ST. AGNES.



FIG. 9. AN UNUSUAL REPRESENTATION OF FOUR MAGI (INSTEAD OF THE TRADITIONAL THREE) FOR REASONS OF SYMMETRY: A WALL-PAINTING OF THE EPIPHANY IN THE CATACOMB OF DOMITILLA. (END OF THIRD CENTURY.)



FIG. 10. EARLY CHRISTIAN WALL-PAINTINGS DATING FROM THE FOURTH CENTURY: (UPPER RIGHT) THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI, OVER AN ARCH IN THE CATACOMB OF S. CALLISTO.

The subject of early Christian art is of special interest at Easter time, even though the particular examples in question, such as those reproduced on this and the opposite page, are not associated with the Passion and the Crucifixion, but represent scenes of the Nativity and the Epiphany. They serve to link the scene of Calvary with that of the Divine Birth at Bethlehem—the beginning of the career whose climax is commemorated by the Church festival now about to be celebrated. In Dr. Fornari's article given on the opposite page, to which the above illustrations all relate (being numbered to correspond with the author's

references), attention is drawn to the interesting fact that the early Christians of the first period avoided realism in representations of the Nativity in painting or sculpture. Living as they did in a pagan world, they shrank from exposing the greatest mysteries of their faith to the mockery of the unbeliever. It appeared to them that to show the Holy Child lying in a rough manger in a lowly stable, occupied by an ox and an ass, would lead to misunderstanding and derision. Consequently pictures or sculptures of the Crib are very rare among the more ancient specimens of Christian art in the Catacombs of Rome.

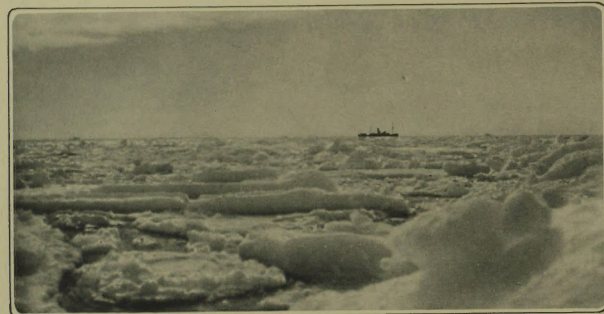
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE PONTIFICAL COMMISSION OF SACRED ARCHAEOLOGY. (SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)

BEFORE THE "VIKING" DISASTER: THE

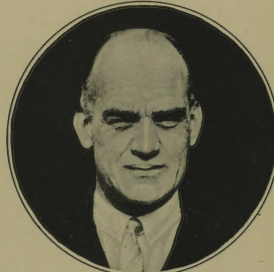


AT WORK WITH THE OLD SEALING-SHIP "VIKING," RECENTLY DESTROYED BY AN EXPLOSION OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND: MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION ON THE SURROUNDING ICE.

THE DIRECTOR OF THE PROJECTED SEALING FILM, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN KILLED BY THE EXPLOSION: MR. VARICK FRISSELL—STANDING 6 FEET 7 INCHES IN HEIGHT.



AMONG THE ICE-FIELDS NEAR HORSE ISLAND, OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND, WHERE THE DISASTER OCCURRED: THE "VIKING" (IN BACKGROUND) DURING A FILMING EXPEDITION.



A SURVIVOR WHO WAS IN A CABIN WITH MR. FRISSELL AND MR. PENROD WHEN THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED: MR. H. G. SARGEANT, OF BOSTON.



THE FILM-OPERATOR, BELIEVED TO HAVE PERISHED IN THE "VIKING" DISASTER: MR. A. E. PENROD.



FROZEN SEAS ON WHICH SURVIVORS OF THE DISASTER WENT ADRIFT OR MADE THEIR WAY TO LAND: THE VAST EXpanse OF ICE-FIELDS OFF HORSE ISLAND, WITH THE "VIKING" ON THE HORIZON (IN LEFT BACKGROUND).

The old sealing-ship "Viking," which left St. John's, Newfoundland, early last month with a film expedition engaged in making a picture of life in the seal fisheries, was suddenly destroyed, on March 15, by an explosion of the gunpowder carried for the purpose of blasting a passage through the ice. Those on board were said to number 143, including officers and crew (138), two stowaways, and the filming party, comprising Mr. Varick Frissell, F.R.G.S., of New York (the director), Mr. Henry G. Sargeant, of Boston, and Mr. A. E. Penrod, cinematographer. When the rescue ships, "Sagana" and "Prospero," arrived at St. John's, with the survivors, on March 24, it was stated that the missing were provisionally estimated at twenty-six. The above photographs were taken during a previous voyage in the same ship. The survivors of the disaster told a moving story of tragedy, heroism, and miraculous escapes. It occurred on a Sunday evening as the crew were singing hymns before turning in. The three Americans were sitting together in a cabin, planning their film.

DOOMED FILM SHIP IN THE NEWFOUNDLAND ICE-FIELDS.



WORK THAT FORMED THE SUBJECT OF THE PROJECTED FILM WHICH THE "VIKING" EXPEDITION WAS PREPARING AT THE TIME OF THE DISASTER: SOME OF THE PARTY FROM THE SHIP ENGAGED IN A SEAL HUNT—SHOWING TYPICAL ICE ON WHICH SURVIVORS WERE CAST BY THE EXPLOSION.



A SCRAMBLE OVER ICE AMONG FROZEN REGIONS OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND, WHERE THE "VIKING" BLEW UP, WITH A LOSS OF NEARLY THIRTY LIVES: A PHOTOGRAPH (TAKEN ON A PREVIOUS OCCASION) WHICH SUGGESTS WHAT MAY HAVE HAPPENED TO MEN HURLED OUT OF THE SHIP BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION.

Mr. Frissell was remarking on the risk from the proximity of the magazine, with its large store of explosives, when the ship, which was moving slowly, careened as she struck an ice-pan. It is believed that the shock upset an oil lamp near the magazine. The resulting explosion tore out the whole stern and hurled men and materials in all directions. Mr. Sargeant's escape is ascribed to a post behind him breaking the force of the explosion. He was thrown on to the ice. Neither his companions, nor three engineers in an adjoining cabin, were seen again. Mr. Sargeant and two other injured men drifted on wreckage embedded in ice all night and the next day till picked up by a steamer. Other survivors set off across the ice towards Horse Island, 12 miles away. Sir Wilfred Grenfell, of Labrador, said in an interview: "I had known Frissell for ten years. He was only twenty-seven. He had an adventurous spirit, and two years ago decided to make this film. He wrote the scenario himself. When tried-out it was received with great enthusiasm. I imagine they had gone back to retake parts of it."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AS Easter comes round again, the reviewer's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of travel. The appeal—"See your own country first!" no longer needs urging. Last Whitsuntide, for example, I decided to explore Lulworth Cove, but I could hardly see it for the other coves—and their cars. (Having myself arrived in a motor-coach, I could hardly complain!) The fact is, the whole country is now overrun by holiday-makers, and quiet, secluded spots no longer exist. The only way is to do your tripping with a hobby, and ignore the other trippers. Be a collector of something. Collect cathedrals, Norman castles, ancient bridges, windmills, or warming-pans. Personally, I rather favour cathedrals. They cost you nothing to house, yet they are always there when you want them, and they can't be transplanted to America.

Another great help to enjoying a holiday is to study local history and topography, or the social life of an earlier time. The England of to-day, with all its relics of the past, becomes far more interesting if one has read about the England of yesterday or the day before. An admirable book for the purpose is "A SECOND ELIZABETHAN JOURNAL." Being a Record of Those Things most Talked of During the Years 1595-1598. By G. B. Harrison, Reader in English Literature in the University of London. Illustrated (Constable; 24s.). The author has followed the method of his previous volume, "A First Elizabethan Journal, 1591-4," setting down in order of date a variety of items from contemporary sources of a kind that would now be called "news of the day." If there had been daily papers in Shakespeare's time, they would have come out very much like these retrospective news-gatherings. They form a synthetic Elizabethan "journal."

Judging by the width of his literary net and the shoals of books and documents from which he has made his catch, Mr. Harrison should be able to continue the process indefinitely, and it is to be hoped that he will do so. His anthology of bygone "news" differs from other and stodgier collections of a similar character in that it does not exclude the trivial and the sensational. On the public side of affairs we get Court gossip about Queen Elizabeth, her behaviour to Essex, Raleigh, and Southampton, and her scolding of maids-of-honour; descriptions of Spanish landings on the Cornish coast and the scare of a second Armada; and current reports concerning the voyages and exploits of such navigators as Raleigh, Drake, and Hawkins. The intellectual side of Elizabethan life is recalled by notices of new books and of productions of new plays, but Mr. Harrison has not continued the life of Shakespeare during this period, as he "hopes to present it elsewhere with greater freedom."

On the popular side of ephemeral happenings there are trials for witchcraft, and several accounts of murders and other crimes. In one case the culprits were pursued from Aylesbury into Wales by "the hue and cry," which in those days did duty for Scotland Yard. In and about London, it appears, there was something like a gang-system among criminals, who, we read, "have taken such boldness that they assemble themselves together armed even with petronels and pistols." Under date 22 September, 1598, we read: "Benjamin Jonson, the player that wrote the new play of Humours, whom they call the 'brick-layer,' to-day fought with Gabriel Spencer, one of the Admiral's Players, in Shoreditch Fields; Jonson is hurt in the arm, but Spencer being wounded in the right side is dead of it."

There are some remarkable forecasts of modern things of a military nature. The idea of both the tank and the submarine is suggested in an entry of 7th June, 1596, describing certain "profitable inventions for the defence of this island" by Lord Napier, a Scottish noble. Among other things, "there is," we read, "a round chariot of metal made of proof of double musket, which motion shall be by those that be within more easy, light and speedy than so many armed men would otherwise be, and of use in moving to break the array of the enemy's battle and to making passage. By staying and abiding within the enemy's battle, it serveth to destroy the environed enemy by continual shot of harquebus through small holes, the enemy being thereby abased and altogether uncertain what defence or pursuit to use against a moving mouth of metal. Besides these inventions, divers of sailing

under water and the like." In a note on this passage, Mr. Harrison adds, "Poison gas was among the inventions of the ingenious Mr. Platt. In Thomas Arundel's chamber was found a note of various military devices including the words: 'learn of Mr. Platt his ways of poisoned air and so to infect a whole camp'" (Salisbury Papers).

Another precursor of modern scientific activities—this time in aeronautics—is rescued from oblivion in a memoir, partly autobiographical, of an eighteenth-century English landowner and statesman—"THE EARLY LIFE AND DIARIES OF WILLIAM WINDHAM." By Robert Wyndham Ketton-Cremer. Illustrated (Faber; 15s.). In later life, William Windham, who was born in 1750 and died in 1810, attained eminence as a politician and was Secretary of War in Pitt's Ministry of 1794. The present volume carries the story of his life to 1785. It is interesting both as a revelation of a complex and baffling character, and as a picture of social life in his day. It also has a strong topographical element, for Windham as a young man was very fond of travel, both at home and abroad. He accompanied for a time the Arctic Expedition, during which Nelson, as a midshipman, had his famous encounter with a Polar bear. Windham returned by land through Norway. Later, we find him making tours in the Northern and Midland counties of England, and in Scotland.

It was in 1784 that he conceived the idea of going up in a balloon (only a year, it is said, after the first ascent by human beings had been accomplished in France), in company with the aeronaut, James Sadler. They ascended near

Hampton Court on May 5, 1785, and came down near Rochester the same night after having been nearly driven out to sea. Windham's notes made in the air are printed here, and also the comments of two famous men. Edmund Burke wrote to him: "I really long to converse with you on this voyage, as I think you are the first rational being who has taken to flight." The observations of Horace Walpole, who watched the balloon pass over Strawberry Hill, took a rather prophetic tone. "It [the balloon]

Three more balloons sail to-day; in short, we shall have a prodigious navy in the air, and then what signifies having lost the Empire of the ocean?"

The ingenious Mr. Hugh Platt, a man of many inventions, mentioned above as a pioneer of chemical warfare, is apparently identical with Sir Hugh Platt, who crops up several times (as the author of "Delights for Ladies, 1594") in "THE SCENTED GARDEN." By Eleanor Sinclair Rohde. Illustrated (The Medici Society; 10s. 6d.). Easter is a time when the garden, whether one's own or someone else's, begins to reassert its charm. This book by the author of "A Garden of Herbs" and "Gardens in the Bible" will give to every reader an increased power of appreciating such pleasures.

A kindred hobby to the love of gardens is the love of birds, and those with a taste for this branch of natural history will revel in a beautifully-illustrated book by a well-known devotee of the subject—"BIRD LIFE IN ENGLAND." By John Kearton. With 48 Photographs (Philip Allan; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Kearton includes a very interesting chapter on Lundy Island—concerning both its avian and human inhabitants. The contour of Lundy Island as seen from Bude is very familiar to me, but I have never had the luck to land there. It has a romantic history. The author tells us that the name "Lundy" is derived from a Scandinavian word meaning "puffin." It is, of course, a paradise for sea birds. With this book may be bracketed "BIRDS OF JESMOND DENE." By Sir George Noble. With Colour Illustrations by the Author, Map, and Photographs (Eyre and Spottiswoode). It gives an account of bird life in the picturesque valley near Newcastle presented to the city by the late Lord Armstrong.

Another branch of natural history which intensifies the joys of travel, whether at Easter or any other time, is the study of geology and the effect of physical features of the landscape on human settlement. Tennyson called geology one of the "terrible sciences," but that it can be made extremely fascinating is proved in "REDISCOVERING ENGLAND." By Charlotte A. Simpson, B.Sc. (Oxon). Lecturer in Geography at Warrington Training College, Liverpool. With a Foreword by L. H. Dudley Buxton. With folding Map and Illustrations (Benn; 21s.). Readers of Miss Simpson's book will see England with new eyes.

Other books that will intrigue the holiday-maker may be briefly noted. The most entertaining travel-writer of our day has added to his inimitable works "IN SEARCH OF IRELAND." By H. V. Morton. With Illustrations and Map (Methuen; 7s. 6d.). Readers in search of England—or parts of it—will enjoy "KENT." By S. E. Winbolt. With photographs by Winifred Ward (Bell; 6s.), and "THE ENGLISH LAKES." By W. T. Palmer (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). Many will be tempted to cross the Channel by alluring photographs and informative letterpress in "BRITANNY." By Francis Gourvil. Translated by John Gilmer (The Medici Society; 7s. 6d.), and "BURGUNDY." By Stephen Gwynn (Harrap; 7s. 6d.). Not all holiday-makers go to the country. Some of them come up to town. For them there is ample provision in three excellent books—"LONDON." By George H. Cunningham (Dent; 10s. 6d.), a new and cheaper edition of a very full historical survey conveniently arranged under streets in alphabetical order; "LONDON AND ITS GOVERNMENT." By Percy A. Harris, M.P., L.C.C. Illustrated (Dent; 7s. 6d.); and "LONDON AT HOME." By M. V. Hughes. Illustrated by G. E. Chambers (Dent; 6s.). Two other attractive books dealing with particular towns are "CARDIFF." By Herbert M. Thompson. Illustrated (Cardiff, William Lewis; 12s. 6d.); and "BOSTON." Tattershall and Croylund. Illustrated (Oxford: Blackwell; 6s.).

One of the most fruitful sources of interest for the homeland tourist is the study of architecture and various types of buildings. Under this heading I can recommend "ENGLISH ROMANESQUE ARCHITECTURE BEFORE THE CONQUEST." By A. W. Clapham, F.S.A. Illustrated (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 30s.); "THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND." By Walter H. Godfrey, F.S.A. Part II. From Tudor Times to the End of the Georgian Period. Illustrated (Batsford; 6s. 6d.); and "THE ANCIENT BRIDGES OF THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND." By E. Jervoise. Illustrated (Architectural Press; 5s. 6d.). Another subject for the specialist "collector" of travel

memories is well represented in "OLD WATERMILLS AND WINDMILLS." By R. Thurston Hopkins. Illustrated (Philip Allan; 16s.); and "ENGLISH WINDMILLS." Vol. I. By M. J. Batten. Illustrated (the Architectural Press; 5s. 6d.). Here is a chance for the modern Quixote on wheels, and I wish him good tilting! C. E. B.



BOUGHT BY THE LUXEMBOURG AT THE EXHIBITION (IN PARIS) OF PAINTINGS BY SCOTTISH ARTISTS: "HOUSE-BOATS, LOCH LOMOND"; BY GEORGE LESLIE HUNTER.

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BOUGHT BY THE LUXEMBOURG AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY SCOTTISH ARTISTS: "LANDSCAPE NEAR CASSIS"; BY S. J. PEPLOE.

An exhibition of works by the Scottish artists S. J. Peploe, John Duncan Fergusson, George Leslie Hunter, F. C. B. Cadell, G. Telfer Bear, and R. O. Dunlop, has just been held in the Galleries Georges Petit, Paris. It was organised by Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefevre, of 1a, King Street, St. James's, and it was generally pronounced to be a notable success.

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had set out privately from Moulsey, in my neighbourhood," he wrote to a friend, "and went higher than any *airgonaut* had yet reached. But Mr. Windham, and Sadler his pilot, were near meeting the fate of Icarus; and though they did land safely, their bladder-vessel flew away again, and may be drowned in the moon for what we know!

"MYSTERY" STATUES IN AN ISLAND FAMED FOR COAN "GAUZE."



THE "COAE VESTES" OF CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY REPRESENTED IN THEIR PLACE OF ORIGIN: A STATUE OF A WOMAN FROM COS, AN ISLAND OF THE SPORADES.



"A DIGNIFIED MOTHER OF A FAMILY": A TORSO AMONG THE TWENTY STATUES DISCOVERED IN A ROMAN THEATRE AT COS, ALL BURIED TOGETHER.



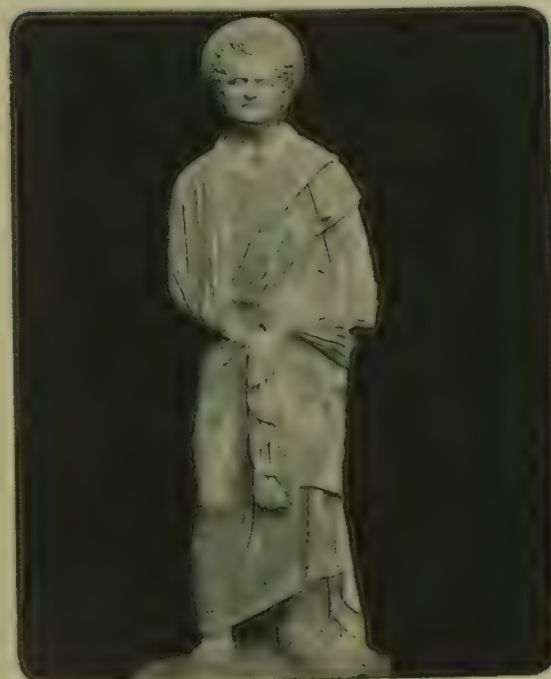
COAN "GAUZE" AS WORN IN COS, THE ÆGEAN ISLAND CELEBRATED FOR A LIGHT AND TRANSPARENT DRESS MATERIAL: A STATUE OF A YOUNG WOMAN.



THE UNKNOWN POET, WEARING A LAUREL CROWN: A STATUE FOUND IN THE ODEON AT COS, WHERE THEOCRITUS WROTE SOME OF HIS IDYLLS.



IN AN ATTITUDE OF GREETING OR ORATORY, AND WEARING A RING ON THE THIRD FINGER OF THE LEFT HAND: A STATUE FOUND AT COS.



ONE OF THE COS STATUES, "OBVIOUSLY PORTRAITS OF MEN IMPORTANT IN THEIR DAY," WHICH ADORNED SOME LARGE PUBLIC BUILDING: A HATTED FIGURE.



A STATUE OF A YOUNG MAN: ONE OF THE TWENTY FOUND AT COS, RANGING IN DATE FROM THE FOURTH CENTURY B.C. TO IMPERIAL ROMAN TIMES.



MANIFESTLY A "POTENT, GRAVE, AND REVEREND SIGNIOR": ONE OF THE BEST-PRESERVED AMONG THE COS STATUES, WHICH ARE ALL LIFE-SIZE OR OVER.



ANOTHER EXAMPLE FROM THE SET OF UNIDENTIFIED STATUES REPRESENTING "EMPERORS, POETS, AND NOBLE DAMES": A MUTILATED FIGURE.

"WHILE excavating in the small Roman theatre, or Odeum, at Cos," writes a correspondent in sending us these photographs, "Professor Laurensich suddenly found a set of statues all huddled together within a few square yards, and all with their faces turned towards him. 'Almost,' he says, 'as if they were waiting for me to liberate them from their prison.' They are life-size, and range in date from the fourth century B.C. to Imperial Roman times. They must have been placed in the small Odeum for safety, and had probably adorned some large public building, being obviously portraits of famous people—emperors,

poets, and noble dames. These photographs give a good idea of the whole set, as every period is here represented. There is the unknown poet with his victor's crown. In the Hellenistic age Cos had a school of poetry, and in the sanctuary of Æsculapius competitions were held. Theocritus wrote some of his idylls at Cos. A torso represents a dignified mother of a family. The two statues of women standing recall the work of Praxiteles, yet also show strong personality. The technique in rendering the transparency of women's garments suggests that Cos, whose delicate silks were famous throughout the ancient world, had also her own school of sculpture."

DRUGGING AS A WEDDING CUSTOM: THE SEMI-CONSCIOUS BRIDE.



"DOPED" TO ENSURE HER OBSERVANCE OF THE CUSTOM WHICH ORDAINS THAT SHE MUST NOT RAISE HER EYES OR LOOK UPON A MAN UNTIL AFTER HER MARRIAGE: A DRUGGED BRIDE OF THE BUGIS; WITH HER BRIDEGROOM.

'robes' of brilliant colouring, such as I had not seen either in Bali or Java, where multi-coloured raiment is part of the decorative everyday life. Presently my guide returned with the information that the third, and last, day's celebrations of a marriage ceremony by the Bugis (a semi-civilised Moslem tribe) were taking place, but that strangers were not very welcome. I alighted and, by signs, did my utmost to insinuate myself into the good graces of the feasters. Ultimately, I was courteously invited to enter the house and partake of the wedding repast, which was chiefly composed of a bewildering variety of highly coloured sweetmeats, fruit, rice, and what I imagined to be toddy (the intoxicating beverage which is drawn from the toddy-palm). Friends and relations from all parts of the island were there, having camped around the house for two days, entirely occupied in eating, drinking, and dancing. Many had come on foot; others had travelled in the modern manner of the East, in one of the dozens of crazy 'motor-buses' which are usually so overcrowded that one cannot see the bus for the passengers. The marriage of a daughter is an event of extreme importance in the life of the Bugis. As is the case with the Hindu on this great occasion, the savings of a lifetime are often spent, and sums of money borrowed as well. But there is this difference: the

[Continued in Box 3.]



BEMUSED AS A RESULT OF DRUGGING, BUT ELABORATELY ARRAYED: A BRIDE OF THE BUGIS IN A STATE OF SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS.



THE DAZED BRIDE CARRIED SHOULDER-HIGH BY THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY, THAT HER FEET MAY NOT TOUCH THE GROUND: THE MANNER IN WHICH THE GIRL TO BE MARRIED IS BORNE FROM PLACE TO PLACE DURING THE THREE DAYS OF THE WEDDING CEREMONIES—THE BRIDEGROOM HOLDING HER RIGHT HAND.

Hindu father, who is usually a poor man, resorts to the Afghan moneylender, the curse of India for many years past; while the Bugi father, who not only borrows heavily, but raises money by pledging his household goods, has the beneficent aid of pawn-shops which are institutions run by the Dutch Government on a non-profit basis. The long robes of the wedding guests gave a Biblical air to the occasion, and I regretted that the limitations of my guide—one of the only two in Celebes—did not permit me to find out whether the garments were purchased for the occasion, or handed down from generation to generation. The bridegroom, a lad of some seventeen years, was presented to me; but so far there was no sign of the bride. My wish to see her was received politely, yet with some perturbation; but eventually, after a great deal of whispering between the bridegroom and his young friends, I gathered that I was to be

[Continued opposite.]

A DRUGGED BRIDE WHOSE FEET MUST NOT TOUCH THE EARTH.



"DOPED" AND BORNE ABOUT BY THE HEAD OF HER FAMILY: A YOUNG BRIDE OF THE BUGIS—"AN INERT MASS" BALANCED ON HER FATHER'S SHOULDER, THAT HER FEET MAY NOT TOUCH GROUND DURING THE CELEBRATIONS. (THE BRIDEGROOM ON THE LEFT.)

Continued from opposite.]

favoured. To my astonishment, I then saw the bride's father clambering down the bamboo ladder from his house with the bride balanced on his shoulder. She was gorgeously arrayed; her hair was coiffured in a special manner; her lips were coloured bright red, and her eyelids were painted blue. According to custom, the bride's feet must not touch the ground, and, therefore, during the whole three days' ceremony she is carried on the shoulder of the head of the family—father or uncle, as the case may be. But the most amazing fact was that during the half-hour I spent in her company she never once raised her eyes or seemed to notice anything. Undoubtedly, she appeared to be drugged, for surely it would not be humanly possible for a young girl in her teens to exercise such control over her muscles and facial expression. My offer to

contribute towards the expenses of the marriage feast was declined, but the enquiry was nervously made by the 'best man': could the bridal pair be taken out in my car, as they had never been in one in their life? The father then dumped the bride into the seat, where she sank down an inert mass, the proud bridegroom beside her. The girl-bride flopped about like a bag of flour every time the car jolted over the rough, stony track, but she still gave no signs of feeling or animation. My first enquiries elicited no definite information as to whether or no the Bugis drug their brides; but I was afterwards assured that it is the custom among these people to do so. They are of Toradja descent. They believe that a girl-bride may not raise her eyes or look on any man until after her marriage."

THE ODD SIDE OF THINGS: CURIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS FROM AFAR.



A "BOULEVARD" ONE AND THREE-QUARTER MILES LONG ON THE ICE OF THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE: AT THE LONGUEUIL END OF THE "ROAD," WHICH EXTENDS FROM THAT TOWN TO THE CITY OF MONTREAL.

A correspondent, sending these photographs, notes: "I send snapshots of the 'Ice Boulevard' across the St. Lawrence River at Montreal. The 'Boulevard' is made across the ice on the river, which is usually frozen up for three months of the year, from the city of Montreal to the town of Longueuil, on the south shore. It has trees planted in the ice on either side, to



TREES PLANTED AMONG THE CURIOUS ICE-"MOUNTAINS" ON THE FROZEN ST. LAWRENCE TO MARK THE "ROAD": THE MIDDLE OF THE "BOULEVARD" LEADING FROM MONTREAL TO LONGUEUIL, ON THE SOUTH BANK.

mark the roadway, which is about 1½ miles long, and is open for all kinds of traffic. Note the fantastic shapes taken by the ice: these were caused by the river freezing up, then thawing when the ice from the lakes moved down the river, and then freezing up again into the shape shown, some of the miniature mountains being from 25 to 30 ft. in height."



AT A NEW PARSİ TOWER OF SILENCE IN THE ENVIRONS OF BOMBAY: THE WELL IN WHICH THE CARRIERS OF THE DEAD MUST LEAVE THE CLOTHES THEY HAVE WORN WHILE PERFORMING THEIR TASK—THE TOWER ITSELF IN THE LEFT BACKGROUND.

The five famous Parsi Towers of Silence of Bombay are situated to the north of Malabar Hill. The following is from Murray's "Handbook to India": "On leaving the tower, after depositing the corpse on the grating within, the carriers proceed to the purifying place, where they wash and leave the clothes they have worn in a tower built for that express purpose. . . . The five towers are cylindrical in shape, and whitewashed. The largest (276 ft. round and 25 ft. high) cost £30,000, while the other four, on an average, cost £20,000 each. . . . This method of 'interment' originates from the veneration the Parsis pay to the elements. Fire is too highly regarded



OPEN TO NON-PARSİ VISITORS BEFORE ITS CONSECRATION: A WELL OF THE NEW TOWER OF SILENCE, AT ANDHERI—1. THE STONE PAN IN WHICH THE BODY IS LAID; 2. THE CENTRAL WELL INTO WHICH THE BONES FALL.

by them to allow it to be polluted by burning the dead. Water is almost equally respected, and so is earth; hence this singular mode of interment has been devised. There is, however, another reason. Zartasht (Zoroaster) taught that rich and poor must meet in death; and this saying has been literally interpreted and carried out by the contrivance of the well." The new Tower of Silence has been built further to the north, at Andheri, fifteen miles from Bombay, on the B.B. and C.I. Railway. It was open to inspection by non-Parsis before it was consecrated recently. Photographs of a Persian Tower of Silence were in our issue of January 31.



"PREHISTORIC" HOMES IN MODERN EUROPE: RECONSTRUCTIONS OF PILE DWELLINGS AT UNTERUHLINGEN, LAKE CONSTANZ.

Of the first of these two photographs, it is written: "Arriving at the landing-stage at Unteruhldingen, the visitor sees a scene more suggestive of the misty days of Prehistory than it is of the twentieth century. Running out from the tall reeds massed at the water's edge is a stout wooden causeway with two connected platforms at the far end. Each of these platforms supports a log hut with a thatched roof. The buildings are reconstructions of the Neolithic pile dwellings which were formerly so plentiful thereabouts. They are quite light and airy; while affording considerable protection in wet or wild weather. The flooring of the huts, platform, and causeway is of neatly-fitting logs, the spaces being filled with clay, and the whole covered with sand. The log walls are of plastered clay inside; with a zigzag design in red and white running all round. The household articles—some of which are original, and some reconstructed—testify to the skill of the Lake-Dwellers." Of the second photograph it may be said that when a Hindu girl attains womanhood the occasion is celebrated according to her family's means. The particular instance illustrated was in Madras.



AT THE ELABORATE CELEBRATION OF HER ATTAINMENT OF WOMANHOOD: A HINDU GIRL SEATED ON HER PEACOCK THRONE.

THE ODD SIDE OF THINGS:
A PAGE OF CURIOSITIES.



HONOURING THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN TO ENTER JAPAN: TOKYO'S MEMORIAL STONE (RT.) TO ADAMS, THE PILOT, SET UP AT THE SITE OF HIS MANSION.

Our first photograph shows a scene in a street which is in the commercial centre of Tokyo and is called *Anjin*—or "Pilot Street"—after Will Adams, the Kentish sailor, the first Englishman to enter Japan, who arrived as the "head-pilot" of a Dutch fleet in 1600. Leading citizens of this quarter have erected a stone memorial (seen to the right) to mark the site of his mansion, where there is now a "prayer-house." The tablet states that Adams entered the service of the

[Continued on right]



MODERN JAPAN PAYS TRIBUTE TO TRADITION: CHILDREN IN OLD-WORLD COSTUME IN A KINDERGARTEN FOR THE PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT COURT CUSTOMS.

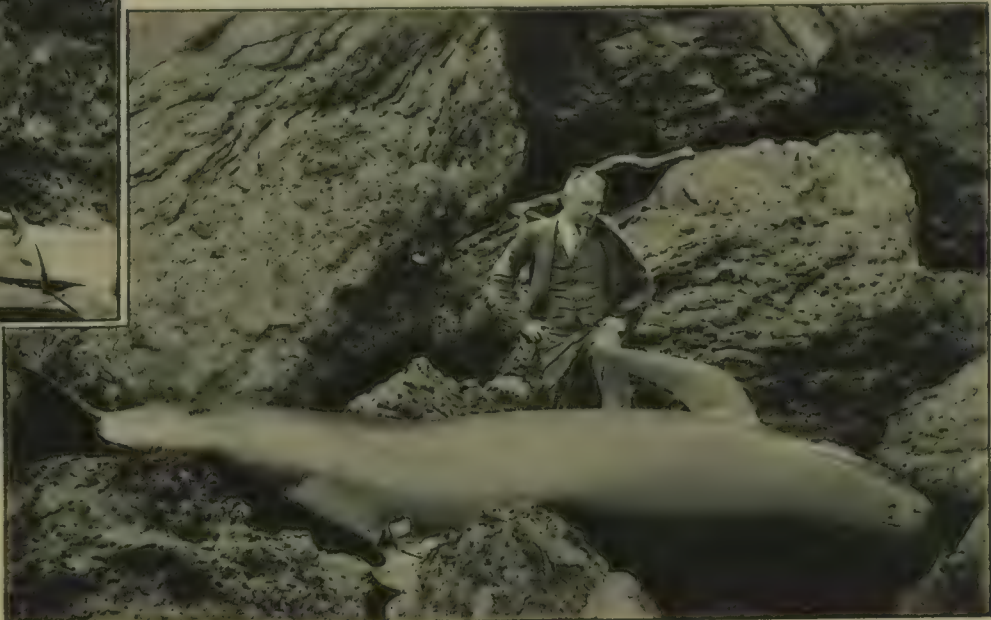
Emperor and gave instruction in gunnery, geography, and mathematics.—Our second photograph shows how twentieth-century Japan, enjoying the benefits of every modern invention, yet recognises feudal customs of great antiquity. It depicts pupils of the Nagoya School for the preservation of Japan's ancient court customs displaying their accomplishments and appearing for that purpose in the traditional court attire of retainers.



A SCHOOL OF PILOT-WHALES WHICH "STAMPEDED" ASHORE AT MATING TIME AND STRANDED THEMSELVES: SOME OF THE NINETY-THREE WHALES LYING HIGH AND DRY AT OCEAN BEACH, WHANGEREI HEADS, N.Z.

Great interest was recently aroused by the extraordinary case of a school of ninety-three adult pilot-whales, or blackfish, stranded at Ocean Beach, Whangerei Heads, on the North Island of New Zealand. Most of the whales were over twenty feet in length; and some had a girth of nearly twelve feet. The most plausible theory

[Continued on right]



THE EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF THE SCHOOL OF PILOT-WHALES WHICH SWAM ASHORE ON THE NORTH ISLAND OF NEW ZEALAND: ONE OF THE MONSTERS WEDGED IN THE ROCKS. advanced for this singular occurrence is that during the mating season the cetacea, as is their custom at such times, drifted with the current in a perpendicular position, tails downwards. But when they felt the hard bottom with their tails, they "stampeded" in panic and dashed into shallow water, from which there is no escape for such monsters, as the unlucky specimens concerned were to find.



A FLEET'S POSITION AT A GLANCE: A SECTION OF THE GREAT SLATE IN THE U.S.A. NAVY DEPARTMENT WHICH SHOWS THE MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS OF EVERY U.S. WAR-SHIP.

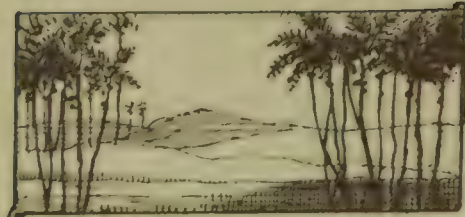


CATS OF KASHMIR WHICH TAKE TO THE WATER MORE READILY THAN DOGS! TWO OF THE PETS ENJOYING THEIR MORNING DIP IN THE DAL LAKE, SRINAGAR—AND THUS SETTING AN EXAMPLE TO THEIR CANINE FRIENDS!

On the huge mural slate of the U.S.A. Navy Department, the phrase a "fleet in being" takes on a very real meaning. Commander R. S. Berkey is seen working on it, carrying out that system which records the movements of every ship in the U.S. Navy and shows their allocation to squadrons.—The two cats seen in our second photograph—one in the foreground, the other by the boat—are excellent swimmers, writes a correspondent, and indulge in daily dips in the beautiful Dal Lake, at Srinagar, Kashmir. After mewing and first feeling the temperature of the water with their paws, they dive off the *shikara* (or native gondola) far more readily than the dogs which go out with them; and are also seen in the picture.

PRIMEVAL LIFE AS IT IS LIVED TO-DAY: "UNTAINTED" EXISTENCE ON RENNELL ISLAND—AN ANTHROPOLOGIST'S "PARADISE."

By H. IAN HOGBIN, M.A., Rockefeller Fellow of Anthropology, University of Sydney.



RENNELL is the most southerly of the Solomon Islands, lying in the Western Pacific round about 11 degrees south latitude and 161 degrees east longitude. Politically it forms part of the British Solomon Islands Protectorate. In area it is some five hundred square miles. Geologically the island is interesting. It is an uplifted reef and is entirely of coral formation. It is completely surrounded

by precipitous cliffs, which in many places rise to four hundred feet in height. Generally these cliffs rise sheer from the sea, but occasionally a narrow fringe of beach intervenes. On the outside is a barrier-reef, forming an almost unbroken girdle right around the island. This barrier-reef encloses a shallow lagoon. Inland the cliffs slope away from the edge to form a saucer. One side of this saucer is tilted and holds a fine lake, the level of which

A DWELLER ON A PACIFIC ISLAND WHERE MEN WEAR THEIR HAIR LONG AND WOMEN HAVE THEIR HEADS CROPPED OR SHAVED: A RENNELL ISLANDER BEFORE HIS HUT.

is seventy feet above the sea. This sheet of water, perhaps one hundred square miles in area, is a relic of the central lagoon of a former coral atoll which existed before the uplift took place. Owing to the porous nature of the rock, there are no streams, and even the lake is brackish. Water is found here and there in subterranean caverns. The whole island is densely wooded, the rainfall being particularly heavy.

Rennell Island was discovered by Captain Bligh in the year 1790, but up to the present only one attempt at settlement has been made. The reasons for this are, first, that the island presents no commercial possibilities; and, second, there is a complete lack of harbours. Coconuts, the chief product of this part of the world, do not grow in any quantity, and the various kinds of shell are not found in at all remunerative deposits. There is only one anchorage, and this is not available in the monsoon season, for it provides no shelter from the strong north-west winds.

The abortive attempt at settlement which I have mentioned was that made by the South Sea Evangelical Mission some years ago. An account is to be found in Miss Young's "Pearls from the Pacific." It ended in complete disaster, and the two native missionaries were murdered. The attempt to Christianize the island was abandoned by the Mission, and since then, although a few people have visited the place, no one has penetrated more than a few miles inland. The natives are, therefore, still in their primitive state, except that they now possess a few knives and axes which the occasional visitors have left behind. Not long ago the University of Sydney and the Solomon Island Government organised a geological expedition to visit this unique island. The co-operation of the Australian National Research Council was sought, and I joined the expedition as anthropologist. Mr. G. A. V. Stanley was the geologist in charge.

The Rennellese have a light-brown skin resembling the Polynesians of the central and eastern Pacific, but their hair is quite different, more like the curly mop of the Melanesian peoples of the

main Solomon group. Their features, too, with the somewhat flattened nose, are not typical of the central Pacific. Their language, however, is a dialect of that spoken by the Polynesians. It is amazing to think that this is the language native to the people of a larger part of the globe than any other. It is spoken by the Hawaiian Islanders and by the Maori of New Zealand, by the Tahitians and the people of Fead Island off the coast of New Guinea. This presents an amazing proof of the boldness of these primitive navigators, who were exploring the Pacific while our ancestors were timidly voyaging around the coasts of Europe. From group to group we find a regular change of consonants in the language, breaking it up into a series of dialects. Thus in Samoan the word for "house" is *fale*. Every Samoan *f* becomes *wh* in Maori, and the word is there *whare* (*r* and *l* are interchangeable). In Rennell the *f* has changed to an *h* and the *l* to *ngg*, pronounced like the *ng* in "finger"; thus we have *hangge*. The Samoan *alofa*, "to love," has been altered in Rennell to *anggo*.

All the natives who are over about eighteen years of age are tattooed. The designs are mostly conventionalised patterns, in which fish predominate. The men have also a design resembling a broad arrow tattooed on their chests.

The expedition made a base camp on a narrow strip of sand on the shores of Kungava Bay, the only anchorage, because it was impossible to take any quantity of gear up the cliffs, which in many places are practically vertical. Two or three native houses were on the beach, so that from the beginning we had neighbours. These houses would more properly, perhaps, be called shelters. They are simply roofs thatched with palm leaves that come down on all sides to within less than two feet of the ground. The space between the roof and the ground is left without covering, and ingress is obtained by crawling underneath. Shark-flesh is a highly-valued food, and inside each house numerous shark-tails hang as trophies. The sharks are caught on hooks which are cut from wood and planed smooth. Nets, canoe-paddles, and other paraphernalia are also to be found.

Owing to the difficulty of taking gear inland, we had to be content with a series of journeys from the base camp, each lasting seven or eight days. Anthropological work was confined to broad outlines, because at first I could not speak the natives' language, nor could any of them speak English. Owing to an accident to the ship which took us to the island, practically all my books had been destroyed, so I had to start learning Polynesian with no clues whatever. This initial difficulty was intensified by the fact that the people do not live in villages.

practices of the people. As each successive head of the household dies, a new grave is made for him in front. After any fruits or vegetables have been gathered from the garden, they are piled up in front of the graves, and the eldest man present makes a prayer to the spirits of the ancestors that the next crops will be satisfactory. There are a few sacred houses scattered throughout the island. These are the scenes of special offerings once every year. I imagine these offerings are made to the gods, who are probably conceived as being the ancestors of the tribe; as opposed to the more immediate ancestors of individuals, to whom small offerings are made. It is said that there would be a tribal calamity if the general offering were neglected.

After the offering has been made there is a dance for both men and women which lasts for several nights. These dances are performed with no more orchestra than a sounding-board. A man sits down in the centre of the dancing-ground with the sounding-board. He commences to sing, and beats the board in time to his song. After some minutes, the dancers—the sexes dance separately—begin to prance around him. In a few minutes the rhythm quickens. The performers whirl round and round the singer, faster and faster in a mad race, until finally all are exhausted.

While speaking of the ceremonies, it is interesting to notice those connected with burial. As soon as a man dies, all the relatives not only begin to wail and lament at the top of their voices, but they also mutilate themselves with knives and axes until they are streaming with blood. The body is powdered with turmeric, and decked with ornaments, fine tapa (the beaten-out bark of the paper mulberry tree), and mats. It is buried, as I said, in front of the dwelling, and a small house is erected on top.

Just as we always find the graves before the house, so we always find the kitchen behind. The cooking is done entirely by women, and consequently the kitchen is absolutely their domain, men being forbidden to enter. The food is cooked in the usual Pacific manner; that is to say, in earth ovens or on hot stones. Near the kitchen one sometimes sees a pet pigeon, with one leg fast to a perch. Generally behind the kitchen again are the yam or taro plantations, the two root crops which, in addition to fish, are the main diet of the people. Alongside are groves of pawpaw trees, and perhaps a few banana plants.

The total population of Rennell probably does not much exceed 1000; so that it can never become a source of labour for work on the coconut plantations of the Solomons.

This being so, the native community will probably remain for many years yet in the same primitive condition. As I write, I am planning to make another expedition there and remain for a much longer period, in order to get a complete insight into the exceedingly interesting and revelatory lives of the natives and their culture.



OF A PEOPLE "UNTAINTED" BY MODERN CIVILISATION: A RENNELL ISLAND WOMAN.



THE ONE WITH HAIR CLOSE-CROPPED; THE OTHER WITH IT CROPPED: WOMEN OF RENNELL ISLAND—OF MODIFIED POLYNESIAN STOCK.

One never finds more than two or three houses, each occupied by a family, in any one place. Every family has several gardens, and they migrate from one to another as each requires cultivation.

All houses have one or two graves before them, with a small house erected on top. These graves play an important part in the religious beliefs and

ON THE ISLAND OF PRIMEVAL LIFE: "EDEN" IN BEING. AN "ANTHROPOLOGIST'S 'PARADISE'" UNINFLUENCED BY MODERN CIVILISATION.



AN EMERGENCY "INN" ON "UNCIVILISED" RENNELL ISLAND: A TRAVELLING PARTY OF THE PRIMITIVE NATIVES STOP FOR THE NIGHT, CONSTRUCT A RUDE SHELTER, AND PREPARE A MEAL.



AN OUTRIGGER CANOE OFF RENNELL ISLAND: THE CURIOUS CRAFT EMPLOYED BY THE NATIVES ON THEIR SEA-LAGOON.



A "HOUSE OF THE DEAD" ON RENNELL ISLAND, WHERE LIFE IS UNTOUCHED BY MODERN CIVILISATION: A SACRED STRUCTURE ERECTED OVER AN IMPORTANT GRAVE, TO ACCOMMODATE WEAPONS AND VALUABLES.



THE SIMPLE TYPE OF "ALL-ROOF" HOUSE WHICH IS IN VOGUE ON RENNELL ISLAND: A MERE "SHELTER" THATCHED WITH PALM LEAVES AND LACKING WALLS AND DOOR.

Rennell Island is described by Mr. Ian Hogbin, Rockefeller Fellow of Anthropology at the University of Sydney, as being of peculiar anthropological interest, from the fact that it supports a native population of modified Polynesian type which is practically uninfluenced by modern civilisation. It has no commercial attractions to offer and it is extremely inaccessible. Further, the only effort made to Christianize it ended in disaster. The houses there Mr. Hogbin calls mere "shelters"—simply roofs, thatched with palm leaves, which stretch down on all sides to within a few feet of the ground, leaving space for the inhabitants to make their exits and their entrances by crawling. The islanders value sharks highly for food, and



NATIVE CANOES ON THE INLAND LAKE ON RENNELL ISLAND: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ONE OF THE CRAFT EQUIPPED WITH A SAIL OF PANDANUS LEAF; AND SOME NATIVE SPEARS (BY THE CHILD ON THE RIGHT).

catch them with hooks cut from wood and planed down—angling from the type of outrigger canoe illustrated on this page. They do not live in villages—indeed, more than two or three houses are never to be found together. Every family has several gardens, and it migrates from one to another as each requires cultivation. All the houses have before them one or two graves with a small house erected on top; and these are connected with the natives' religious beliefs, which embody a sort of ancestor-worship. In addition, there are a few sacred houses scattered about the island, and these are the scenes of special tribal offerings made once every year. The graves are always to be found before the Rennell islander's house, and behind it the kitchen, which men are supposed on no account to enter. Isolated as the island is, there seems to be a considerable chance of its remaining in its present interesting primitive condition for many years to come.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. IAN HOGBIN. (SEE ARTICLE OPPOSITE.)

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE OPERETTE AND THE REVUE.

IS the *genre* of light opera that delighted an older generation destined to come into its own again? Can the refreshing harmonies, the pretty, tuneful melodies, of the true operette appeal to ears accustomed to the assaults of the jazz-band, attuned to the brayings of trumpets, the cachinnations of the saxophone, the negroid frenzies of the tap-tapping drum? The success of "Les Cloches de Corneville," the initial production of a season of revivals at the Prince Edward Theatre, would seem to answer the question in an emphatic affirmative.

It is true that "Les Cloches" is of a vintage that may be a little too sweet for our sharpened taste, a little too simple for our sophistication. But how captivating are its songs and choruses; how graceful the pattern of it all! And the story, following its mellifluous way, suddenly grows firm as the old miser, gripped in the terrors of his own imaginings, falls into the trap of his own setting. In this moment of melodrama Mr. Huntley Wright acted with such tenseness of emotion and such artistry that he compelled our unstinted applause. The whole company entered joyously into the spirit of the period and the conventions of the operette. Their efforts were reinforced by an excellent chorus, who sang so well that they deserved their full meed of praise. We may miss the snap, the vigour, the tang of American musical comedy; but we recover the story, the sentiment, and, above all, the limpid loveliness and the intimate appeal, of Planquette's dainty music.

There is a wealth of gay and charming pieces from which the enterprising management of the Prince Edward Theatre may pick and choose. Offenbach alone might prove a host in himself, and there are many other composers whose light-hearted works now repose on the dusty shelf of memory. If the success of "Les Cloches de Corneville," a happy augury of what is yet to follow, can be taken as a sign of the times, then there is every reason to believe that our public is ready for the modern operette, or, shall I say? for a clever combination of a less sentimental, less sugary, less ingenuous libretto, and one which would be more accessible to the younger

for immediate revival; and in its wake it is to bring back, it is hoped, several old English operettes.

Turning from the maturer world of the operette to the more youthful and more derivative form of entertainment, the revue itself and its closely-affiliated

and did succeed. But, as time passed on, the broad appeal and the attacks by *force majeure* on the attention of the audience failed. Then came the dearth of personalities who could capture the new audience, and out of the necessity for providing a fresh, more subtle, entertainment, came the revue.

The unifying thought which brings about a completely satisfying artistic result—the virtue of revue at its best—emanates, in the case of "La Chauve-Souris," neither from composer nor author, but from M. Balieff himself. His art owes more to the theatre, perhaps, than to the music hall. The settings are exquisite in their simplicity and colour; the numbers come and go, touching every mood from grave to gay, embellished with sentiment or quickened with cynicism, and they are knit together by a double strand—imaginative production and the generous, winning smile and amusing English of M. Balieff. The entertainment does not turn on the pivot of a few individuals, but on the whole company. From the moment the curtain rises on the decorated backcloth and stylised dance of the "Popoff Porcelain"—which is but a prelude to seven numbers of seven varieties, all equally fascinating in their employment of wit, tenderness, naughtiness, grace, and vivid bucolic roystering—through the brilliantly fantastic Poushkin story, "The Queen of Spades," produced with genius by M. Komisarjevsky and perfectly acted by Mr. George Hayes, Miss Marie Ault, Miss Lydia Sherwood and the rest, to the closing five numbers, which open with astonishing *verve*, paint exquisite pictures of memorable loveliness, and rollick in comic burlesque, we are in a new world. M. Balieff puts the wrong end of the telescope to our eyes and charms and tickles us with his illusion.

It is this artistry which conceals art, this child-like simplicity which is the most difficult of all effects to create and maintain; this light and shade which plays continually twixt pathos and merriment; this harmony of voice, of colour, and of mood; this atmosphere of spontaneity in a world remote enough to charm and near enough to delight, that makes the programme of "La Chauve-Souris" so perfect. There are pictures that cling to the memory—"The Russian Swing" and "Primavera" are enchanting in their delicacy. There are stimulating rhythms in "A Night at the Restaurant Yard in Moscow" and "The Russian Cossacks." There is a sly, naughty, saucy song of "The Knife-Grinder," the wit and gay parody of a Parisian operatic production of sixty years ago; and, above all, the swift-moving, fascinating fantasy of "The Queen of Spades," with its grim irony and moral conclusion. I have remembered these items at random, and only space prevents me from enumerating the whole programme. There, before the footlights, stands M. Balieff with his confiding, skilful blundering, himself establishing that intimacy which is the chief asset of such entertainment. Who could resist his smile, or sit stiff-necked at his jokes?



THE MUCH-ACCLAIMED GERMAN STAR OF "MOROCCO": MARLENE DIETRICH.

Marlene Dietrich was originally a musical-comedy actress in Germany. She first rose to fame and acquired the title of "super-vamp" thanks to her performance in the film "The Blue Angel," in which she played opposite to Emil Jannings. On the night of March 26, she attended the first showing of her new Hollywood talking-film, "Morocco," at the Carlton Theatre, in London.

branches, it must be generally admitted that the Théâtre de la Chauve-Souris, brought into being a good many years ago by the genial Russian, M. Balieff, still remains the most original manifestation of a comparatively new art.

This art is in the lineage of the music hall, and with its evolution came the importance of the producer—wittily described by Dame Madge Kendal as "the re-ducer." For his function is to co-ordinate, to select, and build up out of a diversity of entertainment forms a programme that shall preserve an artistic unity. The music hall relied for its mainstay on personality. Each turn had its own individuality, and exploited to the full, within the narrow time-limits, all the vibrant force of the artist. But each number stood or fell by itself, and, being complete in itself, brought to no scheme, and

admitted no unity with preceding or succeeding items. The vitality it possessed expressed itself spasmodically, and if the temperature could be kept up to the boiling-point of enthusiasm, so much the better was the bill. A star company of music-hall favourites, each distinct in appeal but sharing the common ground of richly-endowed stage personalities; could



THE REVIVAL OF SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S "THE CIRCLE"—AT THE VAUDEVILLE: THE OLD LOVERS TRY TO DISSUADE THEIR YOUNG COUNTERPARTS FROM ELOPING, AS THEY THEMSELVES DID.

The first production of "The Circle" was in 1921. In this photograph (from left to right) are: Elizabeth (Celia Johnson), Edward Luton (Peter Hannen), Lord Porteous (Allan Aynesworth), and Lady Champion-Cheney (Athene Seyler).

generation, with the musical inspiration of an Offenbach, a Johann Strauss, a Millöcker, or a Planquette. We have our young composers, and Mr. Noel Coward has pointed the way.

Already there are indications that the unseen finger on the pulse of the people has felt a new heart-beat or two. "The Belle of New York," which belongs in its form and in its music far more definitely to the school of the comic opera than to the present-day go-as-you-please musical entertainment, is scheduled



THE REVIVAL OF "THE CIRCLE": THE FORMER HUSBAND AND WIFE BAIT THE WIFE'S LOVER OVER A GAME OF PATIENCE—LORD PORTEOUS (ALLAN AYNESWORTH), CLIVE CHAMPION-CHENEY (SIR NIGEL PLAYFAIR), AND LADY CHAMPION-CHENEY (ATHENE SEYLER).



A WONDER BUILDING OF THE EAST DAMAGED BY FIRE: TENSE MOMENTS FOR RANGOON BUDDHISTS AT THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA—SHOWING A "TZAUNG" (THE SMALL WHITE SHRINE) THAT ESCAPED THE FLAMES.

On March 6 the famous Shwe Dagon Pagoda at Rangoon was imperilled by a fire that began in an adjacent rubbish heap and continued all night, destroying twelve *tazaungs* (small subsidiary shrines), each containing a jewelled image of Buddha, on an outer platform, valued at about £150,000. The Pagoda itself was under scaffolding, having been recently damaged by an earthquake, which had destroyed the *hti* (an umbrella-shaped ornament) at the top. There was danger that the flames might spread to the timbers, and the firemen were assisted by many

HAPPENINGS OVERSEA: A TEMPLE FIRE; AND STORMY POLITICAL PERSONALITIES.



AFTER THE FIRE THAT WAS KEPT FROM THE MAIN TEMPLE, BUT DESTROYED TWELVE "TZAUNGS" (SUBSIDIARY SHRINES) WORTH £150,000: FIGURES OF BUDDHA AMONG THE WRECKAGE AT THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA.

Buddhist volunteers. Our correspondent who took the left hand photograph writes: "The Shwe Dagon Pagoda is, to the Burmese, the personification of Buddhism and Burma, and its gold grandeur dominates Rangoon, scintillating in the sun by day and illuminated by electric light at night, and visible for many miles. During the fire it was thought inevitable that the scaffolding would catch, but it was only blackened, and the huge gold pagoda is, as ever, dominating Rangoon. One *tazaung* which escaped is prominent in the photograph—a white supplementary pagoda to the right."



A "STORMY PETREL" OF AUSTRALIAN POLITICS: MR. J. T. LANG, LABOUR PREMIER OF NEW SOUTH WALES, WHOSE "DEFAULTING" POLICY CAUSED MUCH RESENTMENT.

The Prime Minister of Australia (Mr. Scullin) announced on March 26 that he had been notified by Mr. Lang, Premier of New South Wales, that the Government of that State did not intend to meet its interest payments due in London on April 1. Mr. Scullin declared that such default would injure the credit of Australia. Later, it was announced that the Commonwealth Government would meet the payments and (it was understood) sue New South Wales for the amount—about £700,000. Mr. Lang was born at Sydney in 1876, and is Leader of the Labour Party in New South Wales. He was previously Premier in 1925-7.



ONCE A "STORMY PETREL" OF IRISH POLITICS: THE LATE MR. T. M. HEALY, K.C., THE FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE IRISH FREE STATE.

Mr. Tim Healy, the first Governor-General of the Irish Free State (from 1922-28), died on March 26, aged seventy-six. He was early a member of the Home Rule Association of Great Britain. In 1879 he accompanied Parnell, as his secretary, to America, to raise funds for the Irish Land League. In 1880 he became Nationalist M.P. for Wexford. Called to the Irish Bar in 1884, he was eminent in political cases. Later he was called to the English Bar, and became a K.C. in 1910. After 1883 he represented various Irish constituencies. In 1890 he led a campaign against Parnell. In 1918 he resigned his seat to make way for a Sinn Féiner.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

MISS STELLA BENSON, one of the most wayward and imponderable of modern novelists, has chosen the theme of her latest story from the Book of Tobit. Accordingly, her Muse has become, in the words of Father Ronald Knox's limerick

A creature that moves
In predestinate grooves;
In fact not a bus, but a tram.

This, of course, is an exaggeration. No outside force could hope to enslave Miss Benson's fancy: if it be a tram, it is a celestial

tram that chooses its own moment to pick up or to set down. But, all the same, it follows a predestinate route. Miss Benson has taken one great liberty with Tobit; she has reincarnated him in the twentieth century and transplanted him into Mongolia. Nor does she allow him to lead a life of ease as he does in the Apocrypha; he is no longer a patriarch, exiled but full of paternal authority; he is a vague, anxious, unpractical old man, troubled about many things. Neither Old Sergei nor his son, Seryozha, can claim to be the pivot on which the story turns. It revolves (as far as such an onward-marching story can be said to revolve) on the character of Tanya—the "Far-away Bride" from whom the American edition of the book took its name—Tanya, beloved by seven men, but, till Seryozha appeared, incapable of love herself. She does not kill them off, as Anna, her prototype, did, like a poison or a disease; she chills them by her remoteness, by a virginity not so much of the flesh as of the spirit, which cannot endure encroachment, which is sufficient unto itself, and shuns human contact.

But for these and some other departures from the original story, "Tobit Transplanted" is faithful to its model. Miss Benson has been at pains not to Anglicise her characters: the Russians are very Russian, the Chinese exceedingly Chinese. When Mrs. Butters (whose "sinless smile was bracketed a little on one side, like a parenthesis") denounced the thievish Chinese soldiers, declaring "something ought to be done about it. Surely you can get them punished and claim some redress," Anna merely replied, "We are Russians," as though that explained everything. Miss Benson studies her characters as individuals, as types, as representatives of this or that nationality; and the three-fold vision enormously enriches her book. It is a cross-section of human life; depth below depth. If it only rarely achieves the quivering poignancy of some of Miss Benson's stories, their qualities of unbodied joy and sorrow, we must not complain. Melody enchants the ear, but harmony satisfies it, and one might read "Tobit Transplanted" a dozen times without exhausting its manifold interest or plumbing the depth of its author's beautiful mind.

"Above the Dark Circus" is a fantastic melodrama with a substratum of allegory—a type of story that Mr. Hugh Walpole writes as well as any novelist living. Without observing life from an angle too severely ethical, without feeling compelled always to award praise or blame, he is very conscious of the forces of evil and good. I put evil first advisedly; for in "Above the Dark Circus" it is, to the superficial view, much more in evidence than its opposite. Pengelly, the informer and blackmailer, is an incarnation of evil, an Iago of the underworld, and his wickedness informs the whole story. His victims are obliged to fight him more or less with his own weapons. Even after Osmund has squeezed the life out of him, his influence lives on, poisoning the existence of the other characters, criminals (several of them), but by chance rather than by nature, and anxious to make a fresh start. Mr. Walpole explains that he wrote this book to please himself, to gratify his instinct for mere story-telling; and it has the merits and defects of its origin.



THE PICTURESQUE TURRET ENTRANCE ON THE FLAT, LEADED ROOF.



THE FINE FIREPLACE IN THE ROYAL PRISONER'S OWN ROOM—SHOWING THE ARMS OF THE "TRAGIC QUEEN'S" CUSTODIAN, THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY.

THE ONLY PLACE OF IMPRISONMENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, WHICH IS INTACT: THE MANOR LODGE, SHEFFIELD.

Interest in the ill-fated Mary, Queen of Scots, which never seems to flag, has received additional stimulus not only from the recent Scottish Exhibition, but from the fact that Hutchinson's have just published Mr. Andrew Dakers's "The Tragic Queen." Here we give certain photographs which are, in consequence, distinctively topical. The correspondent who supplies them writes: "The Manor Lodge, Sheffield, is the only prison of Mary, Queen of Scots, in preservation. The restoration by the late Duke of Norfolk was carried out with such minute care for detail that the interior of the Queen's apartments shows us the exact surroundings of her daily life. In the royal captive's own room are a beautiful plaster ceiling and fireplace, both in excellent condition; the latter bears the arms of her custodian, the Earl of Shrewsbury, with the motto 'Prest Dacomplir.' Here the prisoner was visited by the Countess—the famous 'Bess of Hardwick'—and for a time she had the charming companionship of the latter's grandchild, the little 'Bess,' for whom she made a dress. On the leads of the flat roof are incisions made by the Queen's own hands, and mementoes of her attendants."

It is spontaneous, but it is slightly facile; it has great imaginative power, but it does not always explain itself. There are moments when mystery peters out in mystification,



THE PLACE OF CAPTIVITY OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, IN SHEFFIELD: THE ROYAL PRISONER'S ROOM; SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL PLASTER CEILING AND THE DOOR LEADING TO THE ATTENDANTS' ROOM.

when allegory is tacitly invoked but refuses to come to Mr. Walpole's aid.

Mr. James Branch Cabell, a writer for whom the romantic Middle Ages have provided almost inexhaustible themes for fantasy, is an artist in words, a meticulous craftsman. "The Certain Hour" is an early work, now published in England for the first time. In the preface the author criticises the novel of 1916, and also indicates his own ideal of what fiction ought to be: it is full of just observations and well worth reading. The sequel, in which Mr. Cabell exemplifies his theories, is a slight disappointment.

Taking figures famous in literature—Shakespeare, Herrick, Wycherley, Pope—he places them in imaginary circumstances calculated to reveal their inmost characters. The stories are ingeniously devised, and many good things are said—e.g., "It is deplorable how much easier it is to express any emotion than that of which one is actually conscious." But they are so precious, so mannered, and so involved that only amateurs of Mr. Cabell's work will be able to read them without irritation.

Miss Daphne du Maurier has taken her title, "The Loving Spirit," from a poem by Emily

Brontë. The book is less a story than a family history; an interesting type of novel with which we are becoming familiar. It has, of course, drawbacks: being able to turn to a family tree is helpful; being forced to do so is rather a nuisance. In "The Loving Spirit" some of the minor characters are not sufficiently distinctive to impress themselves on us; we have to look them up; but the principal figures, though similar instincts animate each, are strongly individual—separate, yet bound together by passionate sympathy.

It is Janet Coombe's spirit that lingers long amongst her near descendants; but in none till John and Jennifer share it as fine as in herself. The adored son, Joseph, lacked her stability and lost her too soon. The fierceness of his loves and hates burnt out what judgment he possessed. He is a lonely, disappointed, and equally disappointing man. His attempts to influence his sons, whom, as a sailor, he seldom sees, are pitifully and ludicrously vain. In his granddaughter, Jennifer, however, Janet seems to live again. We begin with the wooing of the one and we end with John and Jennifer dallying in the sunshine a hundred years later.

"Back Street" is the life-story of an American woman who, still a girl in the 'nineties of last century, was already beginning to enjoy the admiration of a great many young men. All agreed that she was "tony"; few could decide exactly how "fly" she was. In any case, it was her mission to give pleasure; she was generous to a fault; and when she fell in love with Walter Saxel and became his mistress she did not grudge the years spent in the "back streets" of his life. His sudden death left her unprotected for; her end is pitiable and tragic. Miss Hurst, by every means in her power, seeks to enlist our sympathy for her heroine. The first few hundred pages of the book are marred by hysteria and sentimentality; we can only comfort ourselves by the reflection

(Continued on page 4.)

Tobit Transplanted. By Stella Benson. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)

Above the Dark Circus. By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)

The Certain Hour. By James Branch Cabell. (Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

The Loving Spirit. By Daphne du Maurier. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

Back Street. By Fannie Hurst. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)

Ice in Egypt. By A. M. MacCrindle. (Dent; 7s. 6d.)

Flesh and Blood. By John Brophy. (Dent; 7s. 6d.)

Malice Aforethought. By Francis Iles. (Mundanus; 3s.)

Found Drowned. By Eden Phillpotts. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

The Five Red Herrings. By Dorothy L. Sayers. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)

The Three Crimes. By Miles Burton. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

Archy and Mehitabel. By Don Marquis. (Benn; 7s. 6d.)

"NOTHING NEW—": ARABIAN PARALLELS TO AMERICAN SKY-SCRAPERS.

THE UPPER ILLUSTRATION FROM A ROYAL AIR FORCE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH. (CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



MUD-BUILT "SKY-SCRAPERS" OF THE EAST: A CASTLE NEAR AL QATN, IN THE REMOTE HADHRAMAUT VALLEY OF SOUTHERN ARABIA, WITH BLOCKS OF BUILDINGS SIX STOREYS HIGH, BEARING A CLOSE RESEMBLANCE IN FORM TO SOME OF THE SKY-SCRAPERS OF PHILADELPHIA ILLUSTRATED BELOW.



STONE-BUILT SKY-SCRAPERS OF THE WEST: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF PHILADELPHIA (WITH AN AUTOGIRO HOVERING OVER THE CITY) SEEN FROM THE AIR, AND SHOWING AMONG THE LOFTY BUILDINGS SEVERAL THAT CLOSELY RESEMBLE IN SHAPE THE ARABIAN EXAMPLES ILLUSTRATED ABOVE.

It is usual to associate the sky-scraper almost exclusively with America, and it will probably come as a surprise to most of our readers to learn that buildings very like them exist in a remote valley of Southern Arabia. The resemblance—outwardly at least—is at once apparent on comparing the two illustrations given above. The remarkable air photograph of the castle near Al Qatn was one of a number taken by Flight-Lieut. A. R. M. Richards during an air reconnaissance, carried out from Aden, over the region known as the Hadhramaut. This flight is described by Squadron-Leader the Hon. R. A. Cochrane, A.F.C., in

a paper read by him before the Royal Geographical Society, and published in the March number of the "Geographical Journal." In one passage the writer says: "Turning east one comes, after a few miles, to the first of those 'castles' of the Hadhramaut which are one of its most interesting features. This one stands away from any cultivation, is six storeys high, and with outbuildings must cover at least an acre." A much larger group of these Arabian "sky-scrappers," built for protection (and not, as in America, because of high ground-rents or lack of space) is illustrated from another R.A.F. air view on the succeeding double-page.

"SKY-SCRAPERS" OF THE HADHRAMAUT: AN ASTONISHING ARABIAN CITY PROTECTED BY SEVEN-STOREY MUD-BUILDINGS.

ROYAL AIR FORCE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH. (CROWN COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



A CASE OF UNCONSCIOUS IMITATION—"THE NEED FOR PROTECTION CAN MAKE HOUSES GROW TALL QUITE AS EFFECTIVELY AS HIGH GROUND RENTS": SHIBAM FROM THE AIR.

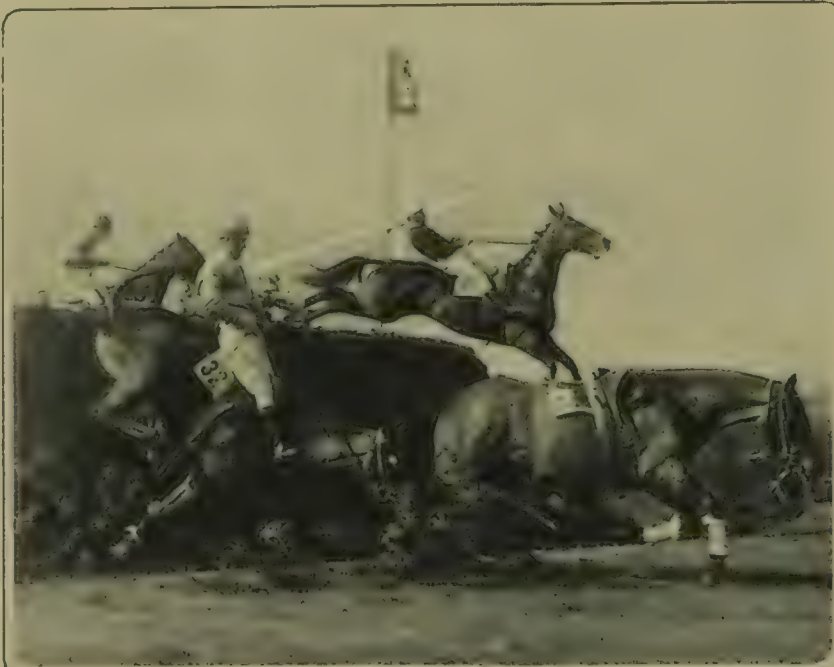
This astonishing photograph (like the upper one on the preceding page) affords further material for comparison between the sky-scrappers of the Western world and their little-known counterparts of the East. It was likewise taken by Flight-Lieut. A. R. M. Richards, an R.A.F. officer, during the same air reconnaissance over the Hadhramaut valley some 300 miles long which runs parallel to the south coast of Arabia, until it breaks through the coastal mountains and reaches the sea . . . 60 miles east of Aden. As already noted, the remarkable country thus surveyed is described in the "Geographical Journal" for March by Squadron-Leader (now) R. A. Cochrane, A.F.C. In a picturesque passage he writes: "At this point the valley is some four to six miles wide and quite barren. Looking to the westward one can see the wadi gradually merging into a sandy desert, without any sign of cultivation; but directly below and to the east there are numerous villages under the cliffs. . . . The southern cliff is here much broken up by numerous side valleys, so that

it now resembles a line of promontories rather than a barrier. Nestling under the cliff of each promontory is a village surrounded by date palms, and containing well-built houses which are seldom less than three storeys high. The first big town is Shibam, standing four-square between high walls on a slight rise in the wadi bed near the southern cliff. The first and distant view is surprising enough, but a closer inspection shows that the need for protection can make houses grow tall quite as effectively as high ground rents. When one considers that the houses are mostly built of mud, it seems an amazing feat to design them to withstand the weight of seven storeys. As an indication of the wealth of these towns, the Bents mention in their book ('Southern Arabia,' by Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bent) that the Sultan of Shibam's father had left eleven million rupees to be divided among his numerous family. The present Sultan's castle is a fine building standing in extensive date gardens." Shibam is the chief town of the Ku'aiti.

DRAMA IN THE GRAND NATIONAL: FALLS FATAL AND SENSATIONAL.



FALLEN RIDERS COVERING THEIR HEADS AGAINST ON-COMING HOOFES: KAKUSHIN SEEKING TO AVOID FOUR DISMOUNTED JOCKEYS.



LED BY THE RIDERLESS TAMASHA: GREGALACH (NO. 4), WHICH FINISHED SECOND, TAKING BECHER'S; WHILE SOLANUM (NO. 32) FALLS.



THE FATAL FALL IN THE GRAND NATIONAL: SWIFT ROWLAND, AFTER IT HAD COME DOWN AT BECHER'S AND A HORSE HAD JUMPED UPON IT (BACKGROUND, WITH JOCKEY STANDING BY); WITH OTHER "CASUALTIES," AND HORSES TAKING THE "BROOK."



FALLS AT THE LAST JUMP BEFORE THE WINNING-POST: GLANGESIA (J. BROWNE UP) TAKING THE FENCE; WITH TWO OTHER HORSES AND THEIR RIDERS ON THE GROUND.



THE MUCH-DISCUSSED HUNGARIAN RUNNER, WHICH CAME DOWN SEVERAL TIMES: GVI LOVAM I, RIDDEN BY ITS OWNER, CAPTAIN R. POPLER, FALLING.

As is usual in the Grand National, and as is to be expected in such a long and testing steeplechase, there were a number of casualties in the great event of March 27. The fall of the favourite, Easter Hero, is illustrated on the opposite page. Here are pictured certain of the other mishaps. Most unfortunately, one

of these ended fatally, for Mrs. C. Beatty's Swift Rowland was killed. The only other serious accident was that in which Drin was involved. Drin fell at the Canal Turn, the second time round, and had to be destroyed. Twelve horses finished the course out of a field of forty-three.

THE FAVOURITE'S FALL: DRAMA IN THE GRAND NATIONAL FILM.

PICTURES (BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. FIRST NATIONAL PATHÉ) FROM THE TWO POPULAR NEWS REELS, "PATHÉ SUPER SOUND GAZETTE" AND THE "PATHÉ GAZETTE."



EASTER HERO (→) TAKING BECHER'S; FALLING; AND IN A HEAP ON THE GROUND: THE CINEMATOGRAPH RECORD OF THE MISHAP WHICH PUT THE FAVOURITE OUT OF THE RACE. ("Read" from Top-Left Down.)

All went well with Easter Hero, the favourite, until he reached Becher's Brook the second time round. At that famous obstacle he fell; and, what is more, he spoilt Ballasport's chance. It would seem that as he came down his reins caught

the foot of Williams, who was riding Ballasport. That jockey freed his foot, but was unable to free his iron; with the result that iron and leather were torn away, and Williams had to continue without an iron or a leather.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



ANTI-MONARCHIST DISTURBANCES AT MADRID UNIVERSITY: STUDENTS ON THE ROOF OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY, FROM WHICH THEY STONED AND FIRED AT THE POLICE.
On March 24, the day of King Alfonso's return to Madrid from England, medical students of the University there again caused disturbances. They formed a procession demanding amnesty for political prisoners, but were driven back by the police, who opened fire in reply to volleys of stones. The trouble was renewed the next day, when students gathered on the roof of the Medical Faculty, where a red flag was hoisted, and the police were stoned with bricks and tiles.



MEN OF THE CIVIL GUARD IN MADRID FIRING AT STUDENTS ON THE ROOF OF THE MEDICAL FACULTY: FIGHTING IN WHICH ONE CIVIL GUARDSMAN WAS KILLED.
either by the students or revolutionaries who had entered the building with them. Shots were also fired, and the Civil Guard replied from the street below. One Civil Guardsman was killed by a bullet. Altogether seventeen people were wounded, including six of the police and three students, and many arrests were made. The University authorities exercised their privilege of refusing to admit the police to their precincts. The University was once more closed.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S INTEREST IN INTERNATIONAL "SOCCER": MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD SHAKING HANDS WITH THE ENGLISH TEAM.

Scotland were victorious in the International Association Football Match, at Hampden Park, Glasgow, on March 28, by two goals to none. The Prime Minister, who was one of the 130,000 spectators—the largest attendance ever recorded at an international match—came on the field before the game and shook hands with the players.



STATESMEN CONCERNED AT THE PROPOSED AUSTRO-GERMAN CUSTOMS UNION: M. BRIAND (CENTRE) AND MR. HENDERSON (LEFT)—AT A PAN-EUROPEAN COMMITTEE.
The action of Germany and Austria in planning a Customs Union between the two countries, without previously consulting other Governments or the League of Nations, was strongly deprecated by M. Briand, the French Foreign Minister, during a recent debate in the French Senate.



THE MODIFIED UNIFORM ADOPTED FOR POLICEWOMEN: TUNICS WITH OPEN NECKS: AND A NEW TYPE OF HELMET OF BETTER SHAPE AND SOFTER MATERIAL.

London readers will be interested in our illustration, which shows the new uniform designed for the policewomen. It will be seen that this embodies several new and more up-to-date features, particularly the open-necked tunic and soft collar and tie. The helmet is also softer and smarter than the old type.



THE FUNERAL OF DAME NELLIE MELBA: FIVE MOTOR-CARS FILLED WITH WREATHS FOLLOWING THE HEARSE IN THE CORTEGE AT MELBOURNE.

Readers will remember that we gave a portrait of Dame Nellie Melba at the time of her death in February. We here illustrate the scene at her funeral in Melbourne, where no fewer than five motor-cars filled with wreaths followed the flower-covered coffin. On reaching the Soldiers' Memorial at Lilydale the coffin was placed on a gun-carriage and drawn by horses to the cemetery. Dr. Berland, the Moderator of Victoria, conducted the memorial service, and Dr. Cameron, Moderator of the Presbyterian Church in Australia, officiated at the graveside.



THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA LEAVES LONDON TO TAKE UP HIS DUTIES: LORD BESSBOROUGH (SECOND FROM LEFT) IN A GROUP AT EUSTON.

Lord Bessborough, who has been appointed Governor-General of Canada, in succession to Lord Willingdon, appointed Viceroy of India, left England to take up his duties on March 27. The group seen above consists of (left to right) Lady Willingdon, Lord Bessborough, Lady Bessborough, Lord Willingdon, Lady Moyra Ponsonby, and Lord Duncannon. Lord Bessborough was M.P. for Cheltenham in 1910, and for Dover, 1913-1920. He served in Gallipoli and France. He has been Deputy Chairman of the De Beers Consolidated Mines since 1924.

A CUBAN RIVAL OF FOOTBALL: JAI-ALAI—A FORM OF PELOTA.

THE DRAWING BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



A STROKE
WITH THE
CESTA—A SPOON-
SHAPED
BASKET
FITTED TO
THE FORE-ARM,
WITH A GLOVE
FOR THE
FINGERS:
ALVAREZ, A
CRACK CUBAN
JAI-ALAI
PLAYER,
JUMPING TO
MAKE A HIT.



A WELL-KNOWN CUBAN FILM ACTRESS TAKING PART IN A GAME OF JAI-ALAI, WHICH SHE CONSIDERS AN UNEQUALLED EXERCISE FOR MAINTAINING THE FIGURE: MARTHA ROCAFORT WIELDING THE CESTA.



DETAILS OF THE MARKING IN A JAI-ALAI COURT: PART OF THE SIDE WALL, WITH PLAYERS IN TYPICAL ATTITUDES OF TAKING THE BALL WITH THE CESTA.

"JAI-ALAI," writes Mr. Bryan de Grineau, in a note on his drawing, "is the national sport of Cuba. The spectators are worked-up into an indescribable pitch of excitement, and fortunes are lost and won in an evening during an important match. The bookmakers fan the enthusiasm, and the noise is pandemonium. Jai-Alai (pronounced Hi Ali) is a form of the Spanish game Pelota." The connection is indicated in Mr. Royall Tyler's book, "Spain—a Study of her Life and Arts," where we read, in an account of Madrid: "All the year round the historic Basque game of pelota is played at the Jai Alai, or great court, near the Calle del Carmen. It is played by sides of two or three in a three-walled court, consisting of one side and two end walls, the side wall almost three times as long as the others. The fourth side is occupied by a gallery for spectators. The ball is about the size of a tennis ball, but hard, and is struck against one of the end walls with a large, narrow, spoon-shaped wicker glove, known as the cesta. Rules and scoring are

[Continued below.]



THE CUBAN EQUIVALENT OF A "CUP FINAL": A TYPICAL SCENE OF FRANTIC EXCITEMENT IN THE GREAT FRONTON (ARENA) AT HAVANA DURING A MATCH OF JAI-ALAI—SHOWING THE GAME IN PROGRESS ON THE COURT (LEFT), WITH THE BALL STRIKING THE WALL (LEFT BACKGROUND), FOUR SCORERS OF POINTS (TO THE RIGHT OF THE PLAYERS), AND, IN THE PASSAGE BETWEEN THEM AND THE STAND, A LINE OF BOOKMAKERS SHOUTING THE ODDS AND TAKING BETS FROM SPECTATORS.

[Continued.] not unlike those of racquets. The bookmakers throw the tickets up to the backers in the gallery in pierced tennis-balls, into which the backers put their stakes and toss them back. The odds often take dizzy runs while the fifty

points usually played are being scored. The bookies keep up a deafening roar." Jai-Alai has been described as a combination of tennis, fives, and lacrosse, and is played at terrific speed.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE CROSSBILL.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THERE are two pine woods in Surrey which for the past ten years have kept me in a state of constant expectancy. I have visited them, on the average, I suppose, once a month throughout the year, always hoping to see crossbills there, and till a few days ago always in



1. THE SPECIALLY DEVELOPED FOOT OF THE CROSSBILL: A MEMBER USED, LIKE A PARROT'S CLAW, TO GRIP SLENDER TWIGS WHILE THE WEIGHT OF THE BIRD'S WHOLE BODY IS SUSPENDED FROM IT.

vain. But at long last my patience has been rewarded, and I shall always mark March 22, 1931, as one of my "red-letter" days. I was strolling down to the lake which fringes this wood when my eye was drawn to a dead bird almost at my feet. As I stooped to pick it up, I saw that it was the bird I had so long sought—a crossbill—which had either been struck down by a hawk or had flown against a short, pointed dead branch. Naturally, I turned my attention at once to the tree-tops, and soon found that crossbills were there in considerable numbers. I spent the rest of the afternoon watching them through my glasses.

The bird I found was a female, but among those I had under observation were a few crimson-breasted males; but none seemed to be in full colour, unless distance and the lack of sunlight had robbed them of their splendour. It is to be remembered that there is much individual variation in brilliancy among these birds in both the summer and winter months. The male, at his best, may be described, in general terms, as clothed in scarlet, toned down on the back and wings through the central area of the feathers being a dark brown. In the spring, as in the case of the linnet's breast, the colour-effect is greatly heightened by the abrasion of the surface of the feathers.

The females are of a dull greyish-green colour, enlivened by a blaze of bright yellowish-green on the lower part of the back. Old females, it is significant to note, are of a much more lively green, and have a considerable number of feathers, both on the upper and under parts of the plumages, tipped with dull pink. They indicate, in short, an interesting stage in the evolution of resplendent plumage, which is always first acquired by the male, then by the female (probably as her fertility begins to decrease), and finally by the young. We meet with this sequence in all kinds of birds. The young crossbills show the still earlier stages of the ancestral dress; for in their first, "juvenile" plumage they are duller than the females, and have the crown, sides of the face, and under-parts heavily striated.

The "common crossbill" is generally regarded as a "late summer immigrant" to England and Wales. But sporadically—every three to ten years—it arrives in large numbers and spreads itself fairly uniformly, establishing breeding colonies in the succeeding spring. Some of these colonies hold a longer tenancy, extending over a period of years. It may be that the birds I saw the other day will remain to breed. In northern Scotland, however, it is a permanent resident. But these Scottish birds have acquired peculiarities of their own, chiefest of which is a markedly larger beak. Hence they are regarded by ornithologists as a distinct sub-species, *Loxia curvirostra scotica*.

I have, so far, said nothing of the most remarkable feature—what we may call the "hall mark"—of the crossbills. This is found in the beak. As will be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3), the tip of the lower jaw, instead of fitting, as in all other finches, under the upper jaw, is turned outwards and upwards across that of the upper jaw, which is turned downwards, recalling that of the parrot. In some individuals this lower jaw crosses to the left and in some to the right—

but they always cross. Yet, be it noted, in the nestlings the beak is like that of ordinary finches; there is no crossing. This very singular feature affords another illustration of special structural adjustments due to intensive functioning in one direction. For these birds feed largely—perhaps one should say chiefly—on the seeds of pine-cones.

Their movements in hunting for cones are very parrot-like, for they often walk along the branches sideways, and swing head downwards to obtain the coveted cone. This is then nipped off and carried to a firm perch, where the hard scales are wrenched apart and the exposed seed is deftly seized hold of, till every seed has been extracted. Those who have tried to pull apart the scales of a pine-cone will be able to judge of the force required to expose the seeds. And such an experiment will show how naturally, how inevitably, a powerful beak like that of the pine grosbeak, a near relation of the crossbills, would assume this form if persistently used after this fashion.

We can hardly believe that the crossbills took to rifling pine-cones for their seeds because, in the distant past, some ancestor happened to develop a crossed beak. But when the ancestor

of the crossbills discovered how palatable these seeds were—probably after finding them loose on the ground, and then just slipping out of the cone—he started, one may assume, to hunt for these in preference to any other kind of food. Moreover, such a source of sustenance formed, as it were, a "close preserve"; for only birds with particularly strong beaks could possibly force the scales apart, and then only by a strong, sideways thrust. In due course such movements would set up responses in the tissues of the beak which would slowly express themselves in the direction of the maximum stimulus incident to this mode of feeding, till at last the beak as we see it to-day came into being. Here, in short, as in all other cases of peculiar structures, habit precedes structure.

Some, doubtless, will assure you that this peculiar beak can be better explained on the theory of natural selection, whereby birds which "happened" to have a beak wherein the tips tended to cross one another found it

easier to wrench open the scales of cones than did those with normal beaks. And of these birds with incipiently crossed beaks, those which had the most marked crossing would get most. But variations of this sort are always infinitely slight, so that the differences in any flock of incipient crossbills, in this matter of the shape of the beak, would be so small as to be negligible as a factor in the "struggle for existence."

There is yet another feature of the crossbill which must be interpreted as a response to insistent and peculiar use, and this is found in the claws. As will be seen in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 1), these are conspicuously long and curved, and therefore admirably adjusted to giving a secure grip of small boughs when the weight of the body has to be taken by the feet as it hangs suspended, while cones are being sliced from their stalks. It is quite as efficient as the foot of the parrot, though this, it will be remembered, has a strikingly different form, since the toes are here yoked together in pairs, two in front and



2. AN EXAMPLE OF A BIRD'S BEAK DEVELOPED, LIKE THAT OF THE CROSSBILLS, ALONG SOUND "MECHANICAL" LINES IN ORDER TO PERFORM A DEFINITE TASK: THE BEAK OF THE HAWFINCH, WHICH FORMS A VERY EFFICIENT PAIR OF NUT-CRACKERS.

The hawfinch's beak will break open with ease the hard stones of hawthorn, cherry, sloe, and similar fruits. The kernels are held between striated bony cushions at the base of the lower and upper jaws; by the same token, the temporal muscles of the hawfinch's head are enormously developed, to give the necessary power to the jaws of the "nut-crackers."

two turned backwards, forming what is known as a zygodactyle foot.

But to return to the theme of beaks, in their relation to the effects of "use" in a particular way. Some years ago I described some curious features in the beak of the hawfinch. This, as everybody knows, is unusually massive, and it is intimately associated with the food of this bird, which is largely made up of the "stones" of hawthorn, bullace, cherry, and others of like hardness. No bird save the hawfinch could crush these, as between nut-crackers, by the pressure of its jaws. And the persistent use of the jaws after this fashion has begotten special "resistance points." Where the greatest strains fell, there the horny sheath of the beak developed thickened cushions. In the accompanying photograph (Fig. 2) there will be seen a pair of "cushions" at the base of the upper jaw, whose surface is marked by ridges, or "striations." At the base of the lower jaw is another "cushion," placed transversely, and also with a striated surface. The seed to be crushed is gripped between these cushions, and is prevented from slipping by the ridges—a very perfect piece of mechanism which has come into being by long-sustained and persistent stimuli. Needless to say, the jaw-muscles are enormously developed, their attachments extending over nearly the whole of the side and roof of the cranium.

I have here touched on a theme which deserves more attention than it has received: and one, too, which, once made a subject of discussion, would arouse not a little hostility, for those who still believe in the all-sufficiency of the theory of natural selection are numerous, and many are men of wrath. Let me assure such that I also believe in natural selection; but it is only one of many factors in Evolution. The effects of "use and disuse" is another, and by no means a less important one.

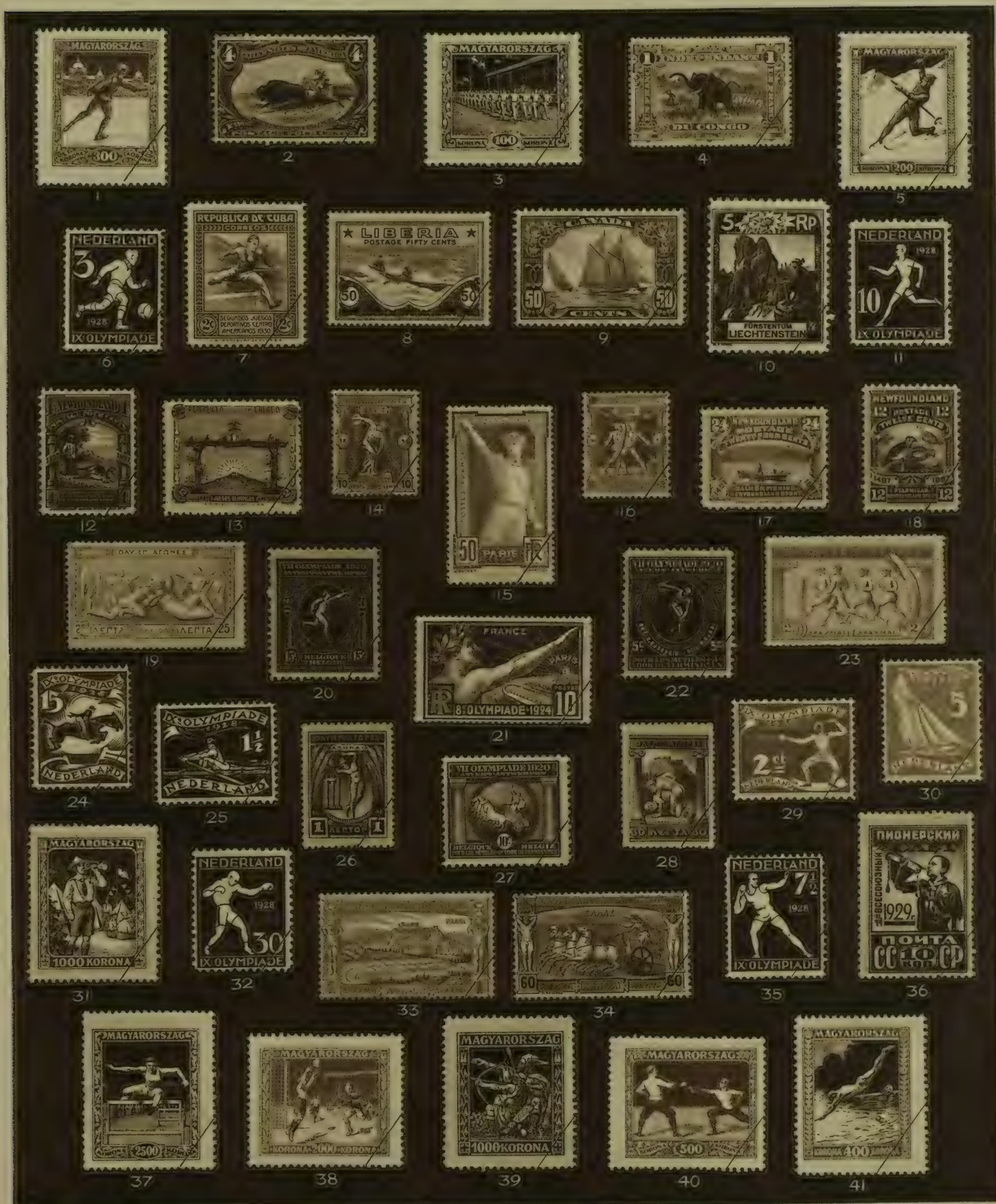


3. THE CURIOUS BEAK OF THE CROSSBILL (*LOXIA CURVIROSTRA*): AN ANATOMICAL DEVELOPMENT WHICH RAISES THE QUESTION OF THE INFLUENCE OF "NATURAL SELECTION," OF "HABIT AND USE," AND OF "STIMULUS" ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THIS SPECIES OF BIRDS.

Long-continued use in wrenching apart the scales which constitute the familiar objects known as "pine-cones," for the sake of the seeds between them, has caused the tips of the beak of the crossbill to cross one another. But in the crossbill nestling the tips are not crossed; they only assume this form as the bird grows up.

POSTAGE-STAMPS OF SPORTING BENT: "ATHLETICS" FOR THE ALBUM!

STAMPS COURTEOUSLY LENT BY MESSRS. STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD., 391, STRAND.



1. Hungary, 1925; Skating. 2. United States, 1898; Red Indian hunting buffalo. 3. Hungary, 1925; Athletes. 4. Belgium Congo, 1894; Elephant-hunting. 5. Hungary, 1925; Ski-ing. 6. Holland, 1928; Footballer. 7. Cuba, 1930; Hurdling. 8. Liberia, 1921; Canoeing. 9. Canada, 1929; Sailing Race. 10. Liechtenstein, 1930; Chamois-shooting. 11. Holland, 1928; Runner. 12. Newfoundland, 1897; Caribou-hunting. 13. Uruguay, 1928; Triumphant Football Goal-posts. 14. Greece, 1896; Discus-thrower. 15. France, 1924; Athlete. 16. Greece, 1896; Gladiators. 17. Newfoundland, 1897; Salmon-fishing. 18. Newfoundland, 1897; Ptarmigan. 19. Greece, 1906; Mythical wrestling match between Hercules and Antaeus. 20. Belgium, 1920; Sprinting. 21. France,

1924; Athlete and Stadium. 22. Belgium, 1920; Discus-thrower. 23. Greece, 1906; Foot-Race. 24. Holland, 1928; Horseman. 25. Holland, 1928; Sculler. 26. Greece, 1906; Apollo throwing discus. 27. Belgium, 1920; Chariot-racing. 28. Greece, 1906; Wrestling. 29. Holland, 1928; Fencer. 30. Holland, 1928; Yachting. 31. Hungary, 1925; Boy Scouts. 32. Holland, 1928; Boxer. 33. Greece, 1896; Acropolis and Stadium. 34. Greece, 1896; Chariot-racing. 35. Holland, 1928; Putting the weight. 36. Russia, 1929; Soviet "Boy Scout." 37. Hungary, 1925; Hurdling. 38. Hungary, 1925; Football. 39. Hungary, 1924; Archery. 40. Hungary, 1925; Fencing. 41. Hungary, 1925; Diving.

We here continue our series of reproductions of postage-stamps: after having presented aeronautics, archæology, and so forth, in philatelic garb, we illustrate a collection of stamps chosen to record sports and athletics, both ancient and modern. Four issues specially devoted to the commemoration of sporting events are represented on this page—two Greek ones which appeared in 1896 and 1906, in honour of revivals of the Olympic Games, and include a variety of designs, many of them copied from ancient originals; the Hungarian issue of 1925, sold at a premium of 100 per cent. in aid of sports associations; and the Dutch issue, made on the occasion of the Olympic Games being held at Amsterdam in 1928.

The Uruguayan stamp (No. 13) commemorates the victory of that country's football team at the last-named festival. We learn, incidentally, that the 1932 games at Los Angeles will almost certainly be celebrated philatelically by the U.S.A. with a special issue. Unusual interest attaches to the sailing race pictured on No. 9: it is that in which the Canadian fishing-smack "Bluenose" won the international contest against her American opponent. The Boy Scout movement appears on the Hungarian stamp (No. 31); while a member of the equivalent Soviet organisation, the "Pioneers," is seen in No. 36. Further, readers will find such varied pursuits as ski-ing, skating, yacht-racing, boxing, and fencing represented on this page.

"SELF-PORTRAITS" TAKEN IN THE PANAMA CANAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



THE HANDIEST OF THE "SITTERS" WHO PHOTOGRAPHED THEMSELVES ON BARRO COLORADO ISLAND, PANAMA: A BLACK-SPOTTED OCELOT TOUCHING THE TRIP-WIRE AND THUS FIRING THE FLASHLIGHT AND CAUSING THE RELEASE OF THE CAMERA'S SHUTTER.



AN OCELOT FOLLOWING A TRAIL THROUGH THE JUNGLE: A NOCTURNAL HUNTER WHICH AVOIDED THE TRIP-WIRE STRETCHED BETWEEN THE TREES WITH ITS LEFT FORE-FOOT, BUT CAUGHT IT WITH THE RIGHT AND SO PHOTOGRAPHED ITSELF.



A TAMANDUA ANT-EATER: ONE OF THE MANY SHY RESIDENTS OF BARRO COLORADO WHO WERE CAUGHT UNAWARES BY THE CAMERA.



A "FULL-LENGTH PROFILE" OF A COATI-MUNDI: A WEIRD LITTLE ANIMAL INVESTIGATING THE BAIT AND FIRING THE FLASHLIGHTS.



AS IT SNAPSHOTTED ITSELF—AND COMPANION: A WHITE-LIPPED PECCARY PRESSING ITS SNOUT AGAINST THE TRIP-WIRE WHICH FIRED THE FLASHLIGHTS.



"BAGGED" BY THE FLASH CAMERA: A TAPIR TUGGING THE BANANA BAIT ATTACHED TO THE TRIP-WIRE BETWEEN THE TREES AND THUS PHOTOGRAPHING ITSELF.

The art of photographing wild animals in their native haunts is one of ever-growing importance; and it is scarcely necessary for us to remind our readers that, recognising this, we have reproduced many fine snapshots of large and small game—"bagged" by the camera. On this page and on that opposite are further examples—from the New World. Barro Colorado, on which they were taken, is an island in the Panama Canal Zone, and has an area of about six square miles. With many others, it was created by the closing of the Gatun Dam and the subsequent submergence of 165 square miles of low land. With the exception of a few acres, it is densely forested. It has been set aside by the United States Government as a sanctuary for the conservation and study of tropical life. The authorities assumed that it would be swarming with animals who had been driven into the area when the waters of the lake rose; but ocular confirmation of this was extremely rare, so shy of the human observer are even the fiercest creatures of the Central American jungle. Mr. Chapman, who photographed the wild life there with so much success, thus describes his method of setting his flash-camera in an article in the American "National Geographic Magazine": "One is . . . influenced in the selection of a camera 'stand' by a variety of circumstances—the presence of fallen fruit, the

ZONE: WILD "SITTERS" AT THE TRIP-WIRE.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN, SC. D.



STALKING ITS PREY BY NIGHT: A PUMA, PADDING SILENTLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE ON BARRO COLORADO, WITH ITS LEFT FORE-FOOT TOUCHING THE TRIP-WIRE STRETCHED BETWEEN THE TREES AND WORKING THE FLASHLIGHT.



THE LITHENESS AND STEALTH OF THE NOCTURNAL BEAST OF PREY EPI TOMISED BY THE UNSUSPECTED CAMERA: A FULL-GROWN PUMA, THE ONLY BEAST IN CENTRAL AMERICA POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DISPUTE THE LORDSHIP OF THE JUNGLE WITH THE JAGUAR, WHICH IT EXCELS IN AGILITY.

density and character of the undergrowth. . . . After the 'stand' is selected the trap is set. . . . A fine wire is then stretched from tree to tree across the assumed pathway of the prospective subject, and, after being passed through a staple, is run parallel with the trail to the battery near the camera." A tug on this wire makes an electrical contact, which fires two powerful magnesium flares attached to trees slightly above and behind the camera. One of them is connected with the camera's shutter, so that the force of the recoil occasioned by the explosion exposes the plate at the moment of greatest illumination. Some of the finest photographs secured by Mr. Chapman were those of the stalking puma. As these animals had not previously been seen on the island, the pictures constitute a particular triumph for the method he employed. The long list of Mr. Chapman's animal "sitters" includes the ocelot, the most beautifully marked of the medium-sized cats, and an American nocturnal forest-dweller that subsists largely on birds and monkeys. Another was the white-lipped peccary, which stands about sixteen inches high. This peccary is peculiar to the Western Hemisphere and inhabits South and Central America. The Tamandua ant-eater, it may be further noted, is a small type of arboreal ant-eater living in the forests of South and Central America.

"THE CLEAR STATEMENTS OF INDUBITABLE SCIENCE."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE SCIENCE OF LIFE": By H. G. WELLS, JULIAN HUXLEY, and G. P. WELLS.*

(PUBLISHED BY CASSELL.)

THERE are some books that one would rather read than review, others that (were such a feat possible) one would rather review than read. "The Science of Life" belongs, as far as I am concerned, to the former category. It is difficult to imagine a book more delightful to browse in. Not everyone is equally fond of imbibing

are contracted and secrete no gastric juice. All the energy for the journey and much of the materials for the development of sperms and eggs are obtained from the reserves of fat and muscle-sugar stored in the tissues and even at the expense of the living flesh itself, so that the fish are left in a very emaciated state after spawning."

On a kindred topic, however, the migration of eels, the authors are more definite. The fresh-water eel is the reverse of the salmon. It spawns in the sea and feeds in fresh water. And it does not come from every corner of the globe to a single breeding-ground in the Caribbean Sea. The eels of the Mediterranean, for instance, make a less arduous journey: "On reaching the sea, the eels are led by some mysterious instinct towards their distant breeding-places in the depths. English and Scandinavian eels, and even those from the recesses of the Baltic, travel across the whole Atlantic to the borders of the Caribbean Sea where, at unknown depth, they spawn. The eels of Eastern North America, though of a different species, spawn close by. Those of Mediterranean countries spawn in the deeps off Sicily. The object of their pilgrimage thus attained, the creatures all die."

If one were asked in a general knowledge examination paper "What is the animal that no wild creature, however large, ferocious, and hungry, will touch?" how many of us could give the correct reply? The animal is the skunk. So secure is this creature in the immunity conferred by its disgusting weapon ("dogs bedewed with the vile liquid run off in howling despair") that, whereas the majority of animals affect protective colouring, the skunk advertises itself to all beholders. "White above and dark below, their form stands out sharply against the background. The animal knows no fear, but walks slowly, refusing to give ground or to run from man or beast. The white and bushy tail is held aloft as a warning

banner. This fearlessness, justified by past conditions, leads at times to grave inconveniences in the face of modern inventions. A skunk will not make way even for a train, and a train is unable to step aside for a skunk; the resultant casualty may cause serious distress to the passengers for many hours."

I have still avoided (as I fear the reader will have observed) the task of making any general criticism of this tremendous book. (The authors, when referring to it, sometimes call it "the Book" with a capital "B"; they speak of themselves as "the Trinity"; and I feel that they are almost entitled to these flourishes; the work is indeed a very Bible for Biologists.) The reference to Missing Links comes from the fifth sub-heading ("Missing Links") in the third chapter ("The Evidence of the Rocks") of Book III. ("The Incontrovertible Fact of Evolution"). The life-histories of salmon and eel occur in the second sub-section ("The Life of Flowing Waters") of the third chapter ("Life in Fresh Water and on Land") of Book VI. ("The Spectacle of Life"). The peculiarities of the skunk are discussed in the third section ("Colour and Pattern in Life") of the fourth chapter ("Some Special Aspects of Life") of the same book. There are nine books, all divided into chapters and subdivided again. The authors exclude no subject from their survey on the score of its magnitude, nor on account of its insignificance. Their vision is telescopic and microscopic. In one place they discuss whether "man comes into the process of evolution, or is in some strange way outside general biology, following laws of his own"; in another they quote an argument put forward by tobacco-smokers in defence of their vice, namely, that "by depressing the appetite, smoking lengthens life, for most of us eat too much!" They are not deterred by a consideration of the vast space they have to cover (the book is nearly nine hundred pages long, including the illustrations) from turning an elegant phrase, or helping out their meaning with simile and metaphor. "The octopuses live mainly on the bottom, lurking in caves and crannies, often building a shelter of stones, pouncing out upon unsuspecting passers-by and falling on top of them like a parachute of serpents." "Parachute of serpents!" What could be more vivid? They say many good things about the liver: "this dark-red, large, portentous organ plays a very central part in the

internal activities of Mr. Everyman." "It has been called the Ellis Island of the body. It arrests and it marks the undesirable immigrant for potential deportation; it manacles, but does not actually remove him." The liver, we are told, is not really responsible for all the ills laid at its door. "It is imagined as a capricious, temperamental gland, the most delicate part of our bodies," whereas in reality its function of censor is a very onerous one, and many of the ills we impute to it are due to faults of diet. "Wherefore, if the reader is in the habit of maligning his liver, we appeal to him to revise his estimate. It is an ingenious, busy organ, doing responsible work in a very exposed situation, and any irregularity in its function is far more likely to be due to the way he treats it, or has treated it in the past, than to any inherent frailty in its own construction."

This is indeed learning without tears! The authors have a good deal to say about the change in the nature of education. "The modern world," they say, "has less and less use for men and women who have ceased to learn." "The educational machinery of to-day" (in contradistinction to the traditional education in 'the completely self-satisfied atmosphere of a typical English public school') "begins at least to think of its function as a preparation for adventure, experiment, and learning that will continue throughout life."

In the earlier sections of the book the authors, as far as they can, avoid controversy, or, if controversy is inevitable, they avoid a controversial tone. In the chapter entitled "Modern Ideas of Conduct," however, their outlook becomes more ethical, and, like other people when they survey their neighbours, they give vent to moral indignation. They are specially severe on sloth. "Devitalised" individuals are their abhorrence. They look wistfully towards the animal kingdom, which has a short way of dealing with weakly specimens. "Compared with all other animals, mankind is hardly subjected at all now to even the shadow of selective killing. There is a kind of low-grade security for practically everyone. Humanity is certainly accumulating a substratum of these dull unkillable."

The authors seem to feel a personal resentment against the humdrum, lack-lustre people to whom we have owed, and probably always shall owe (in the words of the old pleasantries), the density of the population. "They represent their slackness as common sense, as quiet modesty, as a mysterious subtle refinement that keeps them aloof from the brawling strain of vigorous vulgar life." (One

[Continued on page 574.]



TO BE SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S: A GOTHIC SUIT OF ARMOUR—ITALIAN; c. 1440—FROM THE FARNHAM BURKE COLLECTION.

The collection of arms and armour formed by the late Sir Henry Farnham Burke, Garter King of Arms, is to be sold at Christie's on May 5. The Gothic suit here illustrated is of bright steel, assembled together by steel-headed rivets. The breast-plate has a hinged lance-rest. The flange of the right elbow is impressed with a crowned Lombardic "A" repeated, the mark of Arrigolo d'Arconate, who worked in Milan 1428-1446.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.]

information. Vulgar curiosity, as the name implies, is common to most people, but intellectual curiosity is a gift granted only to the few. Though "The Science of Life" is written in a popular style (and very well written), it makes but little appeal to vulgar curiosity. Yet a few of the facts it records, and some of the opinions it advances, would make newspaper head-lines; for science has its controversial and even its sensational side. The quality of rarity is one that kindles the most sluggish imagination. Anything solitary, outstanding, any phenomenon that cannot easily be paralleled or explained, any fact, however abstract, that can be held to constitute a "record"—the length of a river or the height of a mountain—sticks in one's memory, ousting therefrom facts of greater intrinsic value but lacking the supreme recommendation of being somehow connected with the superlative degree. How many people have heard of the Missing Link?; how many unlettered schoolboys have applied the term in derision to their supposedly ill-favoured companions, who have only the faintest idea of what is meant by the Theory of Evolution! They will be surprised, and perhaps sorry, to learn that the Missing Link has been shorn of its charm of singularity: "missing links turn up in the most diverse groups of animals and plants, and from all periods of the earth's long history. Steadily the gaps are filled and the ramifications of the tree of life mapped out with ever-increasing confidence and precision."

Science has shattered a number of illusions; exposed them for vulgar errors: here goes another. The Theory of Evolution sanctions variety but abhors singularity; we must be prepared to find cherished aberrations in nature explained or explained away. Messrs. Wells, Huxley, and Wells do not pretend to omniscience; where a fact has still to be proved, they say so clearly. The question has long been debated whether salmon feed in fresh water. "In some species of salmon," we are told, "the spent fish may drop down to the sea again; but in others not one of all the swarms which enter fresh water survives; they make the great journey but once in their lives, and die when its biological purpose has been achieved. During all that time the fish seem to eat nothing, and their stomachs

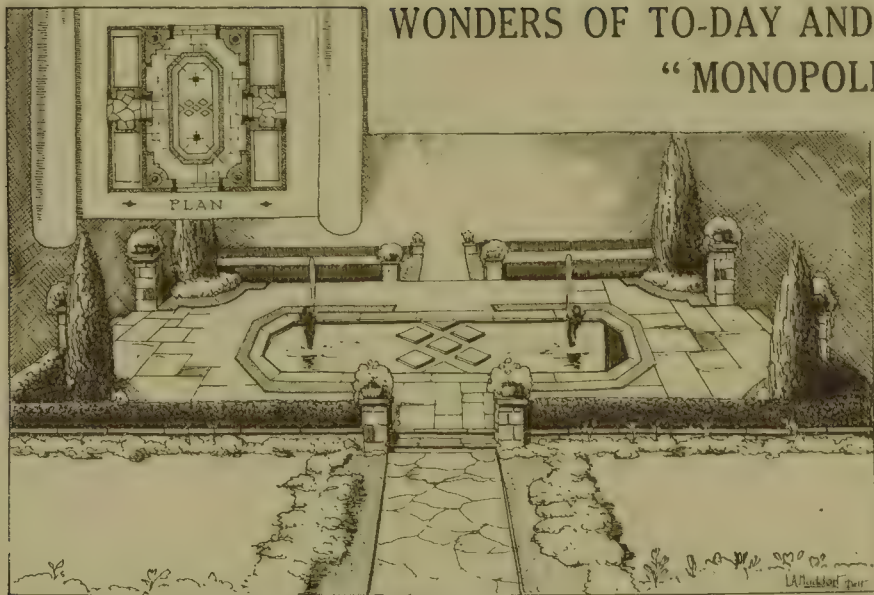


RECALLING THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY ARMOUR FOUND AT VISBY, AND ILLUSTRATED BY US LAST WEEK: AN ITALIAN BRIGANTINE OF THE EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The resemblance borne by this brigantine to certain of the fourteenth-century armour discovered on the remains of Scandinavian warriors who fell on the battlefield at Visby (illustrated and described in our issue of March 28) is at once evident. The piece comes from the Farnham Burke Collection, which is referred to above. It is of crimson velvet, secured to the steel lining of rectangular scale plates by gilt-headed rivets.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.]

* "The Science of Life." By H. G. Wells, Julian Huxley, and G. P. Wells. (Cassell; 21s.).

WONDERS OF TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: "MONOPOLIS," THE CITY OF THE FUTURE.



COMBINING OLD-WORLD CHARM WITH MODERN PLEASURES:
A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OF FORMAL DESIGN BY W. H. GAZE
AND SONS, WITH TWO HARD TENNIS-COURTS IN MINIATURE.



COALS OF FIRE BY
ELECTRICITY: A DE-
CORATIVE AND PRACTICAL
BRATT COLBRAN MODERN
FIREPLACE.



A SUMMER-HOUSE THAT REVOLVES WITH THE SUN: ONE OF
SEVERAL DESIGNS BY BOULTON AND PAUL, OF NORWICH.



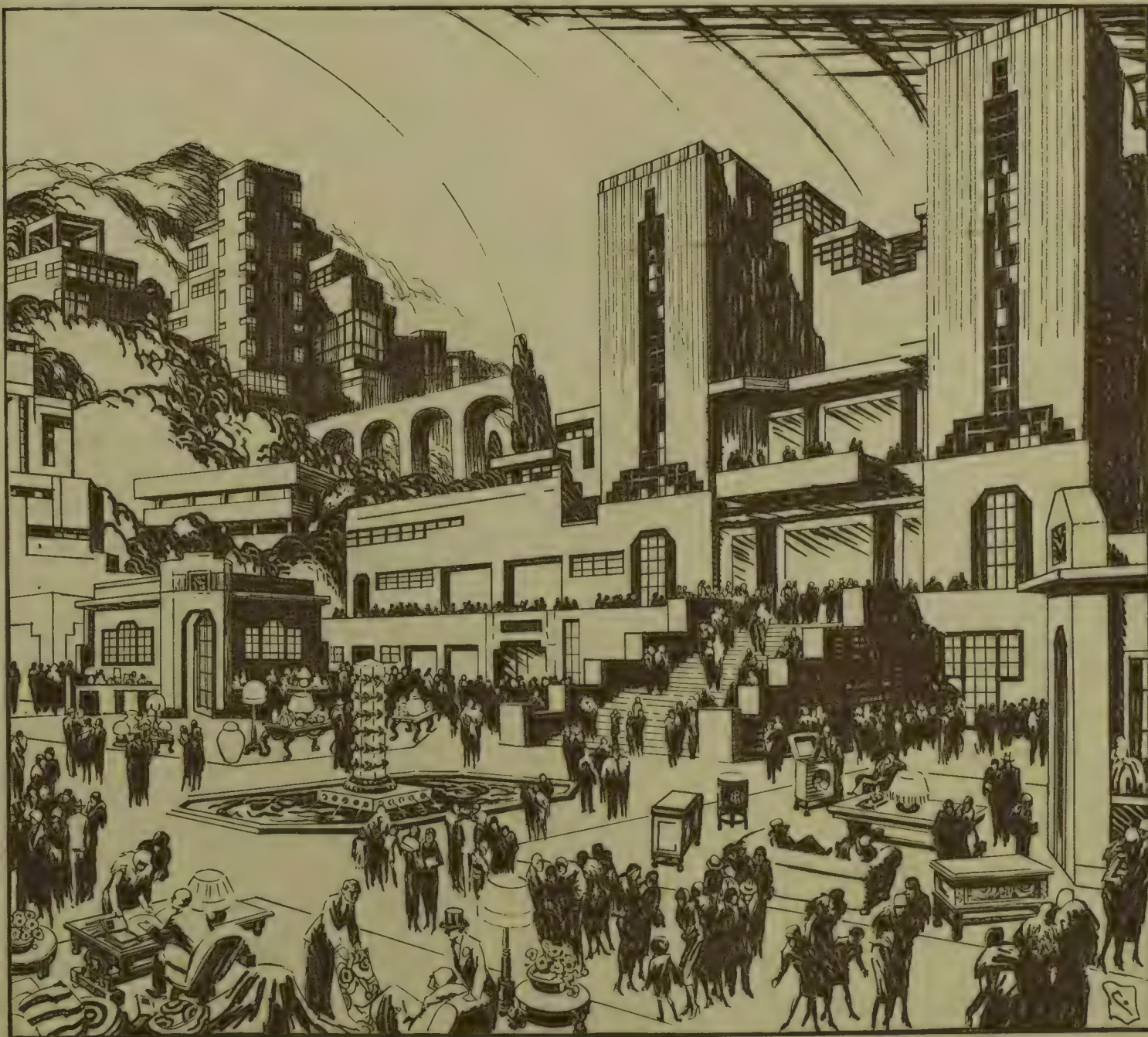
A BED-ROOM IN THE MODERN MANNER.

Furnishing plays an important part in the exhibition. The bed-room and dining-room illustrated here are characteristic of the light and inexpensive modern furniture. The rooms are at the stand of Camages (Marble Arch and Holborn).



A DINING-ROOM FURNISHED IN WAXED CHESTNUT.

Newness and originality are the keynote of the Ideal Home Exhibition which opens at Olympia on April 7 and continues until May 2. The latest ideas of the world on Homecraft, Housing, Furnishing, and Fashion can be seen there, appropriately gathered together against a background of towering "skyscrapers" and modernistic buildings that represent "Monopolis," a city of the future. In the housing section are delightful little houses and Tudor cottages equipped with the latest improvements, and the "House That Jack Built" interprets the winning design of a competition for an ideal home open to husbands only. "Dining Through the Ages" will interest everyone, tracing the rise of the English dining-room from the primitive hut of the Ancient Briton to that in the ultra-modern domicile. Children will want to visit continually the Living Picture "Zoo" and the Model Farm, while their mothers are admiring the nurseries and the fashion-parades which will take place daily in the theatre.



A VISION OF "MONOPOLIS," THE CITY OF THE FUTURE: AN IMPRESSION OF THE GRAND HALL AT OLYMPIA, TRANSFORMED INTO A MAMMOTH CITY REPRESENTING MODERN PROGRESS, WITH TOWERS AND FACADES DOMINATING THE BUSY AVENUES FULL OF LIGHT AND COLOUR.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MORE ABOUT THE UNICORN.

By FRANK DAVIS.

so in the Far East he is a paragon of virtue, appearing only under wise rulers as a lucky omen. He appeared to the mother of Confucius, to the sage himself, and his reputation was such that his advice was sought by the Emperor Kao Yu. He lives alone; he treads soundlessly; he hunts nothing living. In

general, he is portrayed as wrapped in flames, with the body of a stag with a single horn, the tail of a cow, horse's hooves, a yellow belly, and hair of five colours. An eighteenth-century account—"Voyages and Travels," published by Thomas Astley of Paternoster Row in 1747—says that "The Chinese Talk, and write much concerning the Unicorn, which they account an Omen of Prosperity. They paint him very beautifully . . . he has only one Horn with Flesh about it, is two fathom high, a merciful Beast, and the Emblem of Felicity. But all this"—and here is the authentic voice of the age of reason—"all this savours too much of the Fable of the Phoenix."

I can find nothing in the Chinese unicorn

1. THE UNICORN IN THE EAST: AN IVORY NETSUKE IN THE FORM OF A KIRIN (OR, JAPANESE UNICORN), WITH ITS HORN CURVED BACK OVER ITS HEAD.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. F. Meinertzhagen.

of the fierceness ascribed to him by our own mediæval stories. "At the proximity of a virtuous damsel all his ferocity departed," writes Mr. Bellew of the heraldic unicorn. "His strident cries would cease immediately and give place to joyful whinnies. Approaching the maiden with peace in his heart, he would then lay his head in her lap and fall fast asleep. And thus he fell an easy victim to those who desired to encompass his destruction." Note two points in this account—first, the extremely unsportsmanlike proceeding; and secondly, the insistence upon virginity as the greatest of all virtues, so characteristic of the Middle Ages. I should not care to be dogmatic about so fantastic a legend, but it is tempting to see some sort of connecting link between the Far Eastern animal and his European counterpart in an odd little story from India. Once upon a time, there was a magical beast rather resembling our unicorn, whose father was a hermit and whose mother a doe. During the rainy season, it slipped on the mud and broke a jar, and angrily commanded the gods to stop all rain for ever. Drought burnt up the kingdom of Benares, and no grass grew and the people perished, so that the king in desperation promised half his realm to whoever would persuade the creature to alter his mind. The pious romancer of Europe would inevitably have told how a beautiful and virtuous girl braved the terrors of the desert, and by her innocence and fearless blue eyes charmed away the monster's evil passions—but alas for virtue! the story goes on to relate that the land was freed, and that speedily, by the blandishments of a famous courtesan.

I illustrate in Fig. 1 the Japanese interpretation of the unicorn in the shape of a very fine *netsuke*, the little pendant or toggle fastened at the end of a cord by which purse or seal-case or snuff-bottle was slung from the girdle. The horn, it will be noticed, is curved back over the head, and, as far as

I know, this seems to be the characteristic shape in the Far East. The beautiful jade of Fig. 4—to my mind a piece of the highest artistic quality—is an admirable example of the Chinese understanding of animal form. Time and again one is astonished not only by their skill in sculpture, but by their uncanny interpretation of the spirit of the wilderness. Here also the small horn lies back upon the head.

Lest anyone should be tempted to jump to conclusions about this fascinating beast, I illustrate two other pieces to show how varied was the Chinese imagination, and how vague the distinction between one fabulous animal and another. I suppose the very ancient buckle in brown jade (Fig. 2) is ornamented with the head of a dragon. The single horn in the centre tempts one to call it a unicorn, but there are two others as well. As for the carp of Fig. 3, these, too, have a single horn sloping back over their heads, but they are certainly in process of being changed into dragons. The fable—a delightful conceit—will bear repetition. There is a certain cataract in the western hills which the carp try to climb. It requires all their perseverance, and those that succeed become dragons, and immortal. So at the entrance to the examination hall at Nan-king was a painting representing a carp passing through the Dragon Gateway. Thus would the aspirant for official position work hard and pass through the difficult gateway of learning to the honourable dignities and emoluments of the Civil Service.

2. PERHAPS A CLOSE RELATIVE OF THE UNICORN! A CHINESE DRAGON, ON AN OLD BUCKLE, WHICH WEARS A HORN IN THE MIDDLE OF ITS FOREHEAD, LIKE A KYLIN—AND ONE ON EACH SIDE AS WELL.

This is a very ancient buckle in brown jade. On the shaft, in low relief, is a Phoenix, the personal symbol of the Empress.

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Sons.

position work hard and pass through the difficult gateway of learning to the honourable dignities and emoluments of the Civil Service.



3. A STUDY IN MYTHOLOGICAL "EVOLUTION": WINGED CARP WHICH BEAR SINGLE HORNS ON THEIR FOREHEADS, LIKE KYLINS, OR UNICORNS, BECAUSE THEY ARE "IN PROCESS OF BEING CHANGED INTO DRAGONS."

This delightful Imperial white jade vase, of eighteenth-century provenance, refers to a charming Chinese fable which relates that, at a certain cataract in the western hills, the carp who climb to the top of the waterfall are forthwith changed into dragons and become immortal, as a reward for their perseverance!

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Sons.

of man must have been fairly general centuries before the science of heraldry began to exercise the mind of Europe, and his representation in Chinese art can be traced from the Han Dynasty at least, without of course, any heraldic significance. Just as the European legend makes him the emblem of chastity,



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Reproduced by Courtesy of Mr. F. Meinertzhagen.



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position work hard and pass through the difficult gateway of learning to the honourable dignities and emoluments of the Civil Service.



4. A CHINESE KYLIN (OR, UNICORN), WITH ITS HORN TURNED BACK ON ITS HEAD LIKE THE JAPANESE KIRIN PICTURED IN FIG. 1: A MASTERPIECE IN GREY JADE OF THE KHANG HSI DYNASTY (1662-1722).

Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Sons.



The Young 'un: "Had a sad disappointment the other day—George asked me down to taste a bottle of brandy that he'd found in his father's cellar—been there years and years."

The Old Stager: "Well, what happened, did the butler drop it?"

The Young 'un: "No, but it was terrible—fiery as the devil."

The Old Stager: "Bottled young, that's why. Age in bottle is no good to a liqueur brandy. Age in *cask* is what counts. That's one reason why I like 'Cordon Bleu,' age in cask guaranteed, Age and Quality, of course."

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"THE SCIENCE OF LIFE."

(Continued from Page 570.)

can imagine them, for instance, preferring the works of Henry James to those of any other novelist.) "They thank the gods they are not 'pushers,' not 'high-brows,'

noise. "They have a sociability of their own and are capable of immense passive obstructions in a progressive world. They line the streets for any passing show, and rather hate it as it passes. Then home to the den that is never lit by strenuous effort or any sense of the purpose that may lie before mankind."

I suppose it is fair to assume that someone you don't like lives in a den; but to blame him for having no sense of a purpose which "may" lie before mankind is surely unreasonable. As well blame someone for not putting money on a horse which "may" win the Derby. Had the authors boldly written "the purpose that lies before mankind," their charge against the noiseless, unobtrusive victims of accidie would have had more weight. In that case they would have had to commit themselves: first to asserting that mankind had a purpose, and then to disclosing what that purpose was.

But in a previous chapter they have already confessed that it is very difficult to find evidence of purpose in Evolution: "Variation is at random: selection sifts and guides it, as nearly as possible, into the direction prescribed by the particular conditions of environment. Once we realise this, we must give up any idea that Evolution is purposeful. It is full of apparent purpose, but this is apparent only, not real purpose."

The collaborators do not want to deny purpose to man; they are obviously in a difficulty when they approach this vital point; and their statement of their position is so cloudy with qualifications as to be almost self-contradictory: "For when we reach man, Evolution does in part become purposeful. It has at least the possibility of becoming purposeful because man is the first product of Evolution who has the capacity for long-range purpose, the first to be capable of controlling evolutionary destiny. Human purpose is one of the achievements of Evolution."

I do not think that anyone, however refined, modest, quiet, unobtrusive and, incidentally, malicious, ought to be blamed for not hitching his wagon to a purpose as doubtful as this. "The Science of Life" is a splendid achievement, a *magnum opus*

in which there is no trace of fatigue, a worthy successor to Mr. Wells's "Outline of History." But when it ceases to deal with observed facts it becomes slightly didactic and self-complacent in tone, reminding us of Burke's remark that there is always in science a suggestion of something "illiberal." The introduction refers to "the clear statements of indubitable science." Alas! how often have these clear, indubitable statements been put forward in the past, only to be contradicted a few years later by others equally clear and indubitable. "The History of Scientific Error" would make a large and imposing book. Even Mr. H. G. Wells and his collaborators cannot forbear to reproduce a picture of the remains of a giant Salamander (Miocene Age) which Professor Scheuchzer of Zürich, doubtless considered an authority in his time (the early eighteenth century), described as "the damaged skeleton of a poor sinner drowned in The Deluge."

L. P. H.



RUSSIAN POLITICAL PRISONERS "LISTEN-IN" FROM THE DOCK: A SCENE AT THE RECENT TRIAL OF FOURTEEN "MENSHEVISTS" AT MOSCOW, WHEN EARPHONES CONNECTED WITH A MICROPHONE WERE PROVIDED IN ORDER TO ENABLE THE ACCUSED TO HEAR CLEARLY EVERY WORD OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

The trial of the fourteen Socialists, or "Menshevists," illustrated here began in Moscow on March 1, and ended on March 9 with the accused being sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment. A Comintern circular prepared at the time described the trial as frankly demonstrative, and, as will be seen from our photograph, novel elements were not lacking.

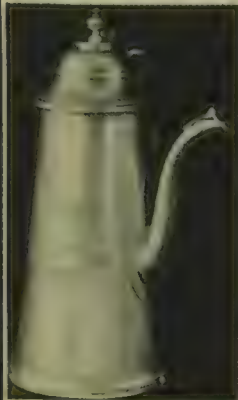
not the mad, restless followers of every novelty. They like to do things in their own quiet, unobtrusive way." I cannot see why they should not. After all, natural selection works in much the same manner: there is no special virtue in doing something in a loud, obtrusive way. "They cannot but be amused at the exertions and the so-called knowledge of those they do not understand." There is nothing irreverent in being amused at "so-called" knowledge: the authors themselves do not attempt to take a typical public-school education seriously. "There is much quiet laughter of a really malicious sort among the victims of accidie." Why would it be better if they laughed loudly? I do not understand this insistence on



THE QUEEN OPENS THE VIOLET MELCHETT INFANT WELFARE CENTRE, CHELSEA: HER MAJESTY INTERESTED IN SOME OF THE BABIES AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The Queen opened the Violet Melchett Infant Welfare Centre, at Chelsea, on March 26. The centre is unique of its kind, and represents the largest benefaction to maternity and child welfare ever made in this country. Her Majesty was received by the Mayor of Chelsea (Lady Phipps), Violet Lady Melchett, Sir Samuel Hoare, and the architect, Mr. F. J. Buckland. The Queen made a long tour of the building; saw the children in the day nursery; and inspected the Mothercraft Training Home.

Queen Anne and other OLD ENGLISH SILVER



A Queen Anne Coffee Pot,
by, P. Le Cheube, 1707.

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of his executors;

also

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The property of the late
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will be sold by Auction
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by N. Locke, 1708.

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April 23rd.

A Queen Anne Monteith,
by J. Elston, Exeter, 1708.

On
Thursday,
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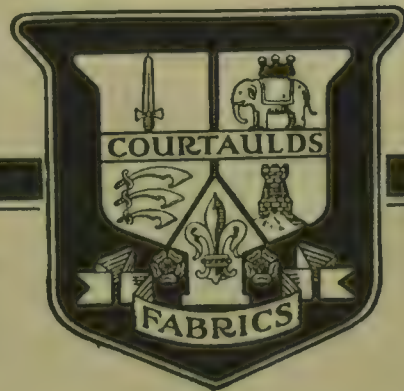
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

SPRING is budding forth gaily as I write these lines, watching a stream of cars whose owners, judging by their holiday look, are searching for new scenes. The fact is that the increasing speed of the modern automobile widens the horizon of motorists to-day. I find it so myself, as, for instance, intending to lunch at Horsham after leaving London one day last week, I found that I had arrived so soon that I went on to Brighton, covering thirty-nine miles in one hour exactly on the 16-h.p. Humber saloon I was driving. As most people know, this is not a particularly good road to put up very fast times on. Yet without exceeding fifty-five miles an hour, and without any intention of hurrying or hoggish driving, I found the miles slip behind me on this 16-h.p. six-cylinder Humber. This car, by the way, does not pretend to do more than sixty miles an hour on the measured mile at Brooklands, yet its excellent acceleration and smoothness in running permits the driver to travel between forty and fifty miles an hour all day long on country roads. It is excellent value for £425 list price.

Mention of speed from the modern motor-car brings to mind the latest four-cylinder Alvis 12-60-h.p. sports model. In Brooklands trim, shorn of its cycle-type wings and with lowered wind-screen, this Alvis car will easily attain ninety miles

an hour. The ordinary standard touring model, a two-seater with single dickey and "beetle"-shaped tail, is capable of eighty-five miles an hour, and 65 m.p.h. in third-speed gear. Moreover, the petrol consumption is stated to average thirty miles per

People are rather apt to think that the low-priced cars are slow nowadays as compared with the more expensive models. That is not the fact. For instance, the present Ford coupé model runs at sixty miles an hour if you open it full out, so that the £210 cabriolet can speed along indefinitely at forty-five to fifty m.p.h. if the driver cares to travel at that pace. Of course, there is a vast difference between sixty and ninety miles an hour, but it seems only a few years ago that most folk would have been satisfied with a maximum of fifty miles an hour for low-priced vehicles.

The Ford Works at Dagenham are pushing ahead, so that I really expect to see cars being produced here at the end of the year or early in 1932. A week or two ago a large party, including some 1500 dealers in Ford cars, tractors, and aeroplanes, went down to see how much progress had been made during the past nine months. After a tour of the works luncheon was served, and a cinema show was given dealing with Ford productions and illustrating the processes which would be carried on at Dagenham in due course some day. One likes enthusiasm, as it shows

keenness, but I am afraid that a Ford dealer who told me that 250,000 Ford cars would be the yearly output in 1932 was rather too optimistic. As that total is about the whole motor consumption of all classes of vehicles in Great Britain in one year, I asked him where they were going to sell them. I hope his answer, "In the British Empire," will

[Continued overleaf.]

READY TO TAKE ITS OWNERS FOR AN INVIGORATING "SPIN": A FORD TUDOR SALOON IN A SETTING TYPICAL OF EARLY SPRING.

gallon. I have not proved this last item, so I give it with reserve, because my own experience is that fuel consumption greatly varies with individual drivers. High-speed merchants burn up more than moderate-speed drivers. Still, be that correct or otherwise, this wonderful pace-making car costs only £410 complete.

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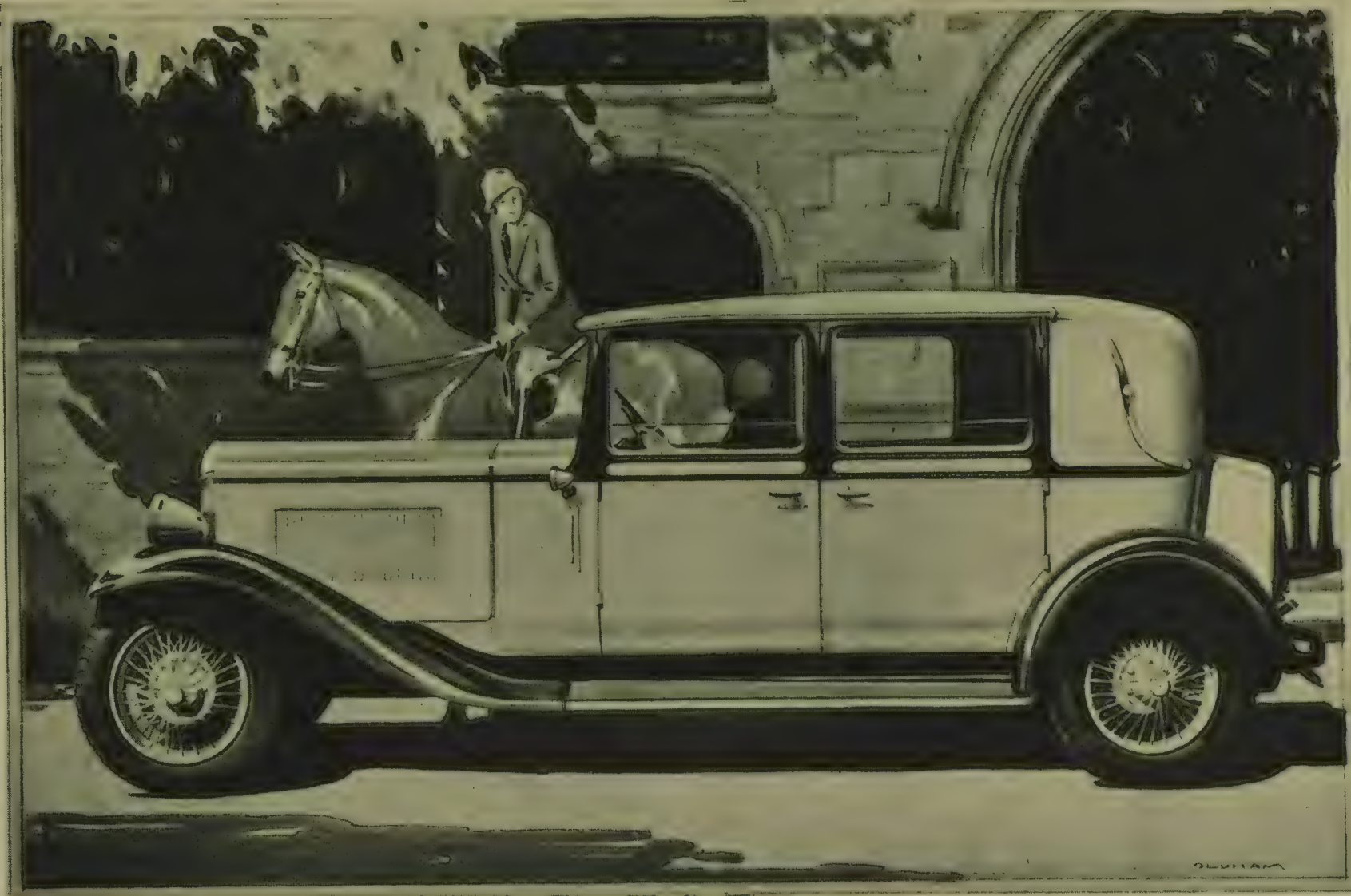
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Continued.

become a fact. Already out of our total motor exports of some £6,000,000, Sir Percival Perry, Chairman of the Ford Motor Company, Ltd., of England, claimed that over £3,000,000 were Ford cars and parts exported from England.

Touring Aids ; Book Help.

A new organisation styled the National Book Council, of 3, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2, has just been formed which should be welcomed whole-heartedly by motorists. Its sole object is to provide book help for its members by supplying them on demand with a list of all the best books on everything, from juvenile literature to say, travel in, Czecho-Slovakia. For the deeper appreciation of any journey it is desirable to have a passing acquaintance with the history, biography, and archæology of the country that one is touring. The N.B.C. provides one with a comprehensive list of books with no motive behind its selection but sheer fitness for the job in hand. Anybody can provide himself with maps and guide-books or routes, but I have never seen more complete catalogues of literature in better classified form than this Council supplies, so its members can choose from books giving the particular information desired. Travel by car brings one to a wealth of subjects "just behind the hedges." These helpful bibliographies reveal the details which make travel by road more intellectually attractive. One ought to join the Council for this as one joins the R.A.C. for its touring benefits. The latter draws the attention of motorists proposing to tour abroad to the "introduction cards" now issued to members of all national automobile

clubs affiliated to the International Association of Recognised Automobile Clubs. These cards give to the holder the right to make full use of the touring department of any national automobile club in whose country he is travelling. There are thirty-four countries now represented in the International Association, so the great advantage of this service will be realised. The Royal Automobile Club is the representative

Italian Race ; English Entry.

The famous 1000 miles road race in Italy is to have a British car competing in it for the first time in history. This is to be an Austin "Seven," and it will battle with the other racing cars of the Continent. The race starts on April 11 from Brescia, in Northern Italy, to Rome, and back to Brescia by a different route from that taken on the first half

of the journey. The course is over the ordinary roads and through the towns and villages. Yet, notwithstanding that the route is not kept free from ordinary traffic, a terrifically high average speed is maintained. Nuvolari won the race last year at an average speed of 62.41 miles per hour. According to gossip in racing circles, this year's race will be the last of these events, as, now that the money prizes have been reduced, the racing drivers do not think the profits are worth the risks. Also last year the ordinary sports touring cars were sent off first, the racing cars being despatched about three hours later. As a result, the drivers of the latter had to thrust their cars at high speed through clouds of dust raised by the touring motors. Also the roads were cut up rather badly by the leaders, and one racing driver was killed through this cause—Signor Benini. Perhaps if the racing cars are sent off first it might pacify the racing crowd, who at present main-

tain that they get very little more kudos than if they average over forty miles an hour in a 10-h.p. saloon, and 100 per cent. more danger. It will be interesting to see how the supercharged Austin "baby" fares in this event. It has been entered by the Austin agents in Milan, Messrs. Nicholls Bros.



AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY ON A HISTORIC OCCASION: MR. ARTHUR HENDERSON LEAVING THE PALAZZO VENEZIA, AT ROME, AFTER HIS NAVAL DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE WITH SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

automobile club in this country, and its members and associate members can add the enjoyment of the above privileges when touring abroad to the tale of the numerous advantages that the R.A.C. already offers to those under its agis in the home country. Both in England and on the Continent they may move about as, in a sense, privileged persons!



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THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD COVENTRY

MARINE CARAVANNING.—CXXI.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPDEN, R.N.

AT this time of year it appears usual for articles to be published in the technical and trade papers on "how to make motor-boating still more popular." The object of these efforts is good, no matter from whose aspect the subject is viewed. The manufacturer naturally wishes to sell as many vessels or engines as possible, and owners or prospective purchasers of boats want to be able to buy good craft that are cheap. As this cannot be done unless the output of the building yards is great, and consequently their overhead charges are low, the interests of both buyers and sellers are identical; they each want to see more interest in boats generally. Both want to increase the demand for boats; but, unfortunately, the boat-building trade (apart from a few up-to-date firms) is many years behind the times as regards salesmanship, and has no conception of the advantages obtained by "pulling together." The saying, "You cannot make omelettes without breaking eggs" has yet to be learnt by many boatbuilders who defend their lack of enterprise and fear of spending some money by pleading lack of funds.

Some while ago I was talking to several owners of boat-yards who all held the opinion that they could save the expense of advertising their products by concentrating on racing craft. They fondly imagined that, as races would be reported in the newspapers automatically, they would obtain publicity for nothing. They thus proved their ignorance of the psychology of the buying public, and ignored the fact that only a small percentage of those who buy boats are interested in racing. Having now found their error, they

are in search of someone to blame. The lot has fallen on the Press, for not supporting them by frequent allusions to motor-boats. They are unable to see that the Press would be ever ready to do what they want if the required material for some interesting articles could be provided, instead of the stereotyped description of individual boats usually supplied. I therefore blame the trade for the ignorance of the public of the

of yachtsman and the professional element, and thereby makes the pastime appear expensive, when it can be quite otherwise. I do not greatly favour the principle adopted by some small firms of getting a friend to publish articles on their latest productions; for this practice of trying to get something for nothing invariably results in making an enemy of newspaper editors. Neither can I see much use in

relying on help from the yacht clubs, for they all appear incapable or unwilling to do anything.

The only solution of the problem seems to be some system whereby trade interests join together and attract the public scientifically. I mean by this that attractions other than those provided by motor-boats might be utilised. For example, it should not be impossible to arrange for one of the modern types of picture theatre, restaurant, and dancing hall combined to be erected so as to overlook and be part of an up-to-date yacht harbour within easy reach of London. Such an establishment could be provided with a boat apiece from each boat-building yard for hiring purposes at cheap rates. The primary attraction of such a place would be, of course, the pictures; but care would be taken to ensure that everyone who came to see them would automatically see the various yachting activities. For the ignoramus in nautical matters instructors would be in attendance, as well as travel experts for mapping-out and making the necessary arrangements for cruises. Nothing, in fact, that is connected with yachting would be omitted. There would be no slack season for such a place, because during the winter months the pictures would remain popular, and, in addition, navigation and seamanship classes would be held daily. There should be little difficulty over raising the required capital for this undertaking.



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many joys that can be obtained from a holiday afloat. As an onlooker, it is easy for me to appear wise and to criticise; but, as I should like to see the present state of affairs changed, I have been studying the various suggestions put forward for furthering the interests in question. I have eliminated racing in any form as a start, for it fosters the gladiator type

connected with yachting would be omitted. There would be no slack season for such a place, because during the winter months the pictures would remain popular, and, in addition, navigation and seamanship classes would be held daily. There should be little difficulty over raising the required capital for this undertaking.



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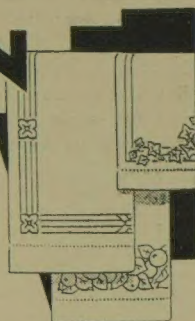
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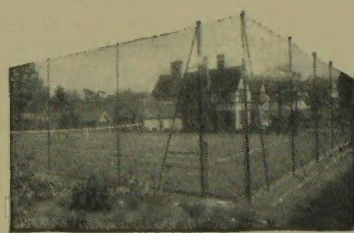
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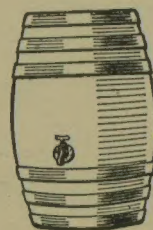
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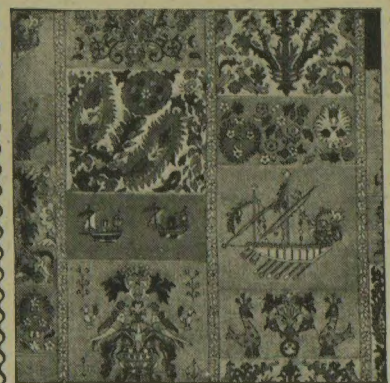
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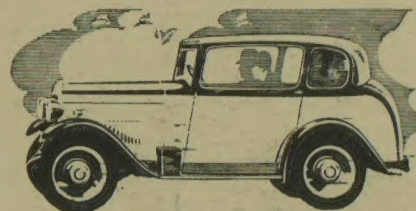
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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL READER.

(Continued from Page 558.)

that we are learning a lot about a certain phase of American life. The closing passages are really pathetic, in spite of Miss Hurst's obvious wish to make them so. "Ice in Egypt" is an agreeable antidote to the excessive emotionalism of the preceding novel. The inhabitants of Sphinx Street, Cairo, are most of them people of low degree who take life as it comes, and are too busy turning an honest or dishonest penny to nourish imaginary grievances or indulge in orgies of self-pity. Mahmoud, at any rate, the ice-man and father of Hamid, caddie and child of all work, is a man of philosophical temperament; and so is his friend Daoud, the policeman, who was always ready, for a consideration, to temper justice with mercy. On the other hand, Ibrahem, Mahmoud's predecessor, was headstrong enough to murder the Greek lady he thought had cast on him the evil eye; Rasheed, the ironing-man, was sorely troubled by his two wives, one of whom was beautiful and the other a good cook; Signora Filippi, that hysterical woman, did not mind whom she charged with theft; and Hamid was terrified of a mythical, child-eating demon, the nyam-nyam. Miss MacCrindle relates these histories with impartiality and a great deal of humour. Her extraordinarily minute knowledge of the life she is describing never (as it so easily might do) obscures her vision or impedes her narrative. Her book owes something to its unusual subject; but none the less it is a little treasure.

Psychological detective stories are not always a success; a concrete clue is generally more convincing than a "complex," however carefully accounted for. "Flesh and Blood" succeeds because it is only incidentally a detective story. The fact that Stephen Gage made an assault on Martin Hannaford is soon disclosed. He had murder in his heart, but he was acquitted because medical evidence showed that Hannaford died from *status lymphaticus*, not from strangulation. But why did he want to kill Hannaford, a physically unattractive, but apparently harmless, novelist; and why, above all, did he give himself up? The answers to these questions are to be found in Stephen's past life, which the narrator, with the help of the unpleasant Mr. Feliper, gradually reconstructs. Stephen was at odds with himself. As a child he had tried to subdue the flesh by exposing himself to unnecessary physical risks; and, when he grew up, this latent Manicheism became more pronounced. The nobility of his nature was streaked with morbidity. The story-teller's quest takes him, in imagination, to South America, to ruins in the jungle, to a certain pool. . . . Mr. Brophy shows himself a master of the oblique narrative at which Conrad excelled; "Flesh and Blood" is a strong piece of work, exciting, dignified, and moving.

(Continued in Column 3.)

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

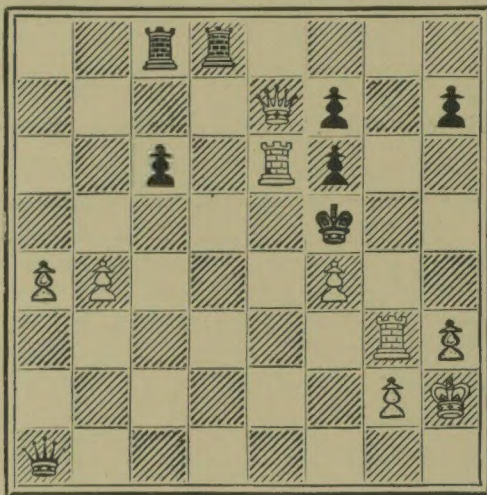
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. CLIFFORD (Golders Green).—Yes, it must no doubt irritate Señor Capablanca to have to wait for his revenge, but it is a pleasant and profitable thing to be World Champion, and one cannot blame Dr. Alekhin for hastening slowly. It is now announced that a return match has been arranged, so you have only to wait and see.

THESPIAN (London).—No, we have not adopted the Christian name of the illustrious actor; it was an unaccountable slip by one of our usually infallible compositors. So far as the surname goes, it is ours, and it wasn't his—Sir Henry Irving was born Brodribb.

GAME PROBLEM No. LX.

BLACK (8 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 2rr4; 4Qp1p; 2p1Rp2; 5k2; PP3P2; 6R1; 6PK; q7.]

White to play and mate in four moves.

Our recent Game Problems have proved a little profound for some of our solvers, so we give this week something simpler and more direct in the form of a pretty mate administered by Mr. J. A. McKee in the championship of the Glasgow C.C. Mr. McKee is unknown to the majority of London players, but he is probably the second best player in Scotland. His style is dour and forceful, his defence is Grampian granite, and he is a most difficult man to beat, as we can personally testify.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4083 (HELP-MATE).—BY RUDOLF L'HERMET (SCHÖNEBECK).

♖1R4Q: 6Sx; 1Kis1Sx; 4b3; 2b3qR; 3sk3; 5t2; 6B1; Black to play and help White to mate in two moves.]

Keymove—Black—1. B—B3 [Be5—c3]

White—1. R—Q8 [Rc8—d8]

Black—2. K—Q5 [Ke3—d4]

White—2. Kt—B5 [Sg7—f5] mate

This is indeed a "rare piece," ending, as Mr. Pirnie remarks, in one of the most astounding pin-models ever seen. Other comments are in the same vein—"Black magic"—"What a man this L'Hermet is!"—"To have achieved soundness in such a problem is almost a miracle," and so on. One of our oldest correspondents finds "standing on his head" a little trying, but takes off his hat as a salute to the artist as well as a useful preliminary to the mental acrobatics. Many solvers have failed to grasp the idea, and we do not propose to make "help-mates" a regular feature of this column; but there will always be room for a problem of this excellence, however unconventional.

THE EMPIRE SOCIAL CHESS CLUB.

This boon to afternoon chess players goes from strength to strength. The second issue of the magazine is now to hand, and is as good as the first. All chess players who have an occasional spare afternoon should send half-a-crown (the ridiculously low subscription) to Mr. Winter at Whiteley's, Bayswater, where the famous firm have placed spacious accommodation at the disposal of the Club.

(Continued.)

The month's list contains several excellent detective stories of a more conventional kind. "Malice Aforethought" is a brilliant story of the murders committed and attempted by Dr. Bickleigh, physician in a provincial town, amoralist, and poisoner. Mr. Francis Iles, besides having considerable insight into the criminal mind, is a satirist of no mean order. Mr. Phillpotts needs no introduction or recommendation. "Found Drowned" is a detective novel whose setting is the West Country. The characters are well observed and natural; the clues ingenious; the solution almost too simple, perhaps—a cutting of the Gordian knot rather than an unravelling. Interest, though never raised to boiling point, is kept simmering. "The Five Red Herrings" is not designed to fill a lazy hour; it is a real mental exercise, the evidence being so plentiful and complicated that a moment's inattention is punished by loss of the whole thread. In "The Three Crimes" Mr. Burton gives us some further adventures of Detective-Inspector Young and Mr. Merriem. The latter is as inclined for adventure as ever. The detective misses some of the many clues provided; the story would have been improved if brains had been more equally divided between the hunters and the hunted.

Archy is a cockroach in whom has been reincarnated the soul of a poet; Mehitabel is a cat who claims to possess the soul once owned by Cleopatra. Archy records his adventures and hers, and those of other insects and animals, in a kind of *vers libre* without punctuation and without capital letters. I found his effusions tiresome at first; but they have crispness and point and humour; and they grow on you, once you have abandoned your mind to them.

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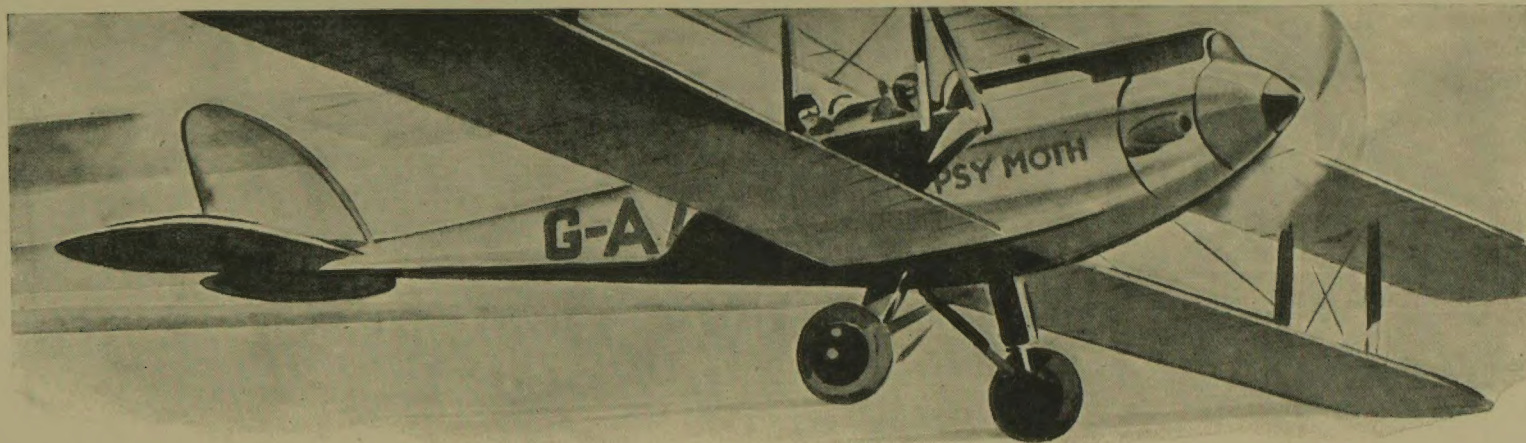
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The TATLER is so convinced that amongst its readers there are scores of good potential civil pilots who are yearning for opportunity to decide whether they could fly an aeroplane, that it is launching a scheme whereby regular readers all over the country may take a flight in an instructional 'plane accompanied by a fully qualified instructor.

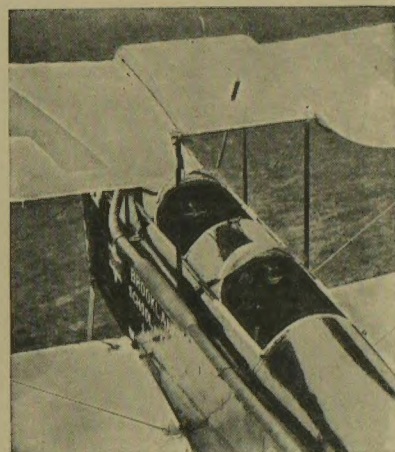
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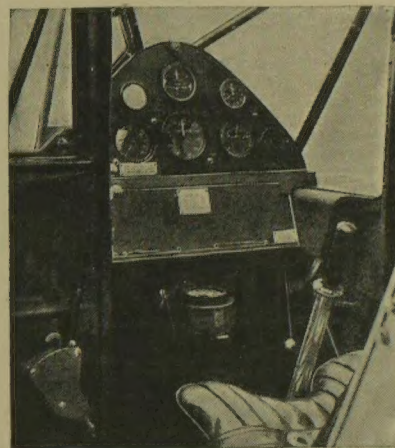
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